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THIRD SERIES, \$230,000,000.

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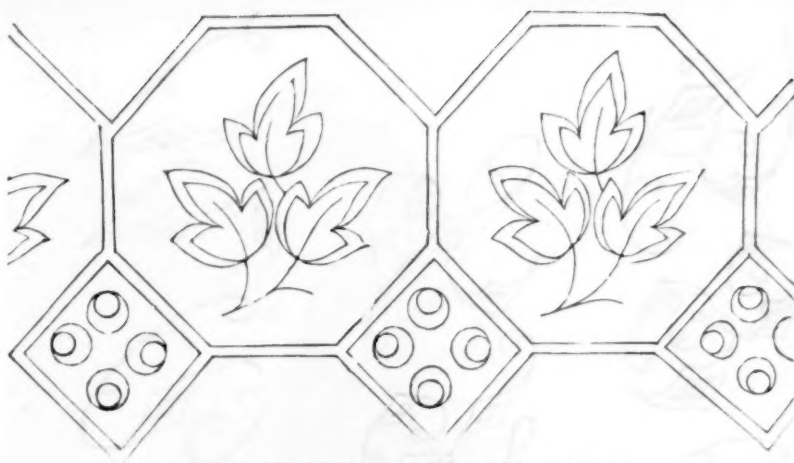
THE NOTE AND THE NOSEGAY.





THE NOTE AND THE NOSEGAY.





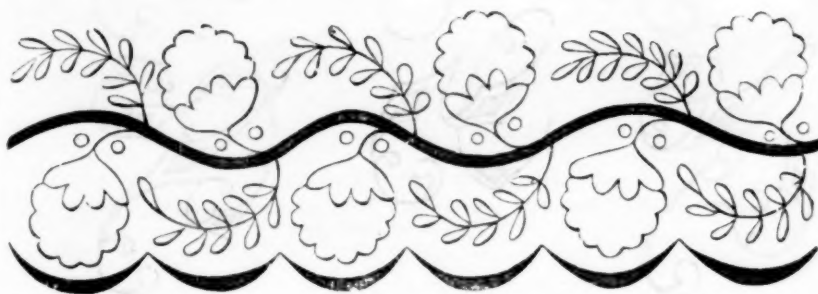
UNDERSKIRT PATTERN—Lines in Button-hole Stitch.



INITIALS.



EDGING.



SILK EMBROIDERY.





DRESS OF WHITE PERCALE,

Dotted with black, and bordered with a lace design. The scarf is also of percale,
stamped to match the dress.

“A HOLY CALM, A PEACE DIVINE.”

Written by HENRY FARNIE.

Composed by W. VINCENT WALLACE.

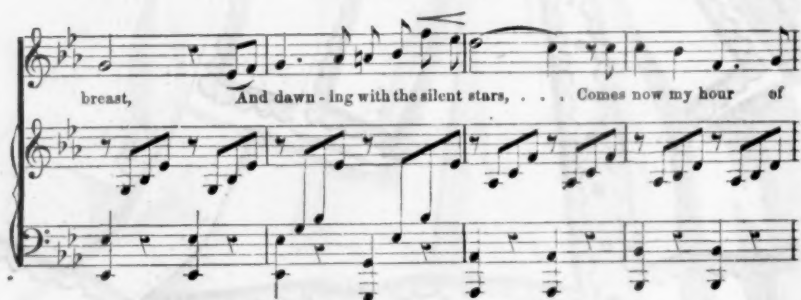
Andante con molto espressivo.




Piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with grace notes and a trill, while the left hand provides a steady eighth-note accompaniment. A *rall.* marking appears over the final measures.



First vocal entry. The melody begins with the lyrics "A ho - ly calm, a peace di - vine, . . . Have sooth'd my throb - bing". The piano accompaniment continues with eighth notes. A *p* (piano) dynamic marking is present.



Second vocal entry. The melody continues with the lyrics "breast, And dawn - ing with the silent stars, . . . Comes now my hour of". The piano accompaniment remains consistent.



Third vocal entry. The melody concludes with the lyrics "rest! Who still'd the wave on Ga - - li - lee, And". The piano accompaniment continues with eighth notes.

rall. in tempo.

calm'd the rag - ing deep, Hath spo - ken to my trou-bled soul, . . . And

cres.

hush'd its waves to sleep! Hath spo - ken to my trou-bled

cres.

rall.

soul, And hush'd its waves to sleep!

rall.

p rall. dim.

Time was—I could not brook to hear
The swallow in the eaves;
A song of sorrow, earthly pain,
Fell from the autumn leaves;

But gladly now, in forest bow'r,
I hear the ouzel's lay,
And pain and sorrow, from my heart,
Like clouds have pass'd away!



WALKING SUIT OF PEARL COLORED GLACEE ALPACA.

The paletôt and skirt are both pointed on the edge, and trimmed with bias bands of green silk, pointed at each end, and arranged between the points.

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1865.

MISTAKEN.

BY MINNIE W. MAY.

"There, I believe it is all ready, and doesn't it look nice and tempting?"

Bessie Ward moved a dish of omelette a little to the right, and stood back viewing her work with a smile of gratified pride. She was a graceful little creature, with a small, lithe figure, neatly clad in calico; a restless head, with a wreath of dark brown hair, but her face could not be called pretty, though it was frank, cheerful, and intelligent, and those who knew her best loved it because it was so guileless and pure, just like the heart beneath it. There was a glow upon her cheeks that morning, occasioned by an hour's brisk exercise, for the tempting breakfast had been prepared by her own hands, Norah, the maid of all work, having gone to take a week's recreation. This was her first meal, and it was with a little anxiety she had undertaken its preparation. But the cloth was laid neatly, the plain breakfast-set rubbed till it was clear and bright, the coffee-urn reflecting her figure wherever she moved, the biscuit light, the steak cooked to a charm, and every dish upon the table was arranged with a systematic precision that was truly pleasant.

"Now, papa, what do you say?" she exclaimed, catching her father's arm as he entered the dining-room, and giving her head a little malicious toss.

"I say I wish everybody had such a charming little girl as I," giving her a hearty kiss, and slipping into her place at the table.

"Oh, no you don't, papa! You would not want all the world to be just like me. Here, mother, I am to pour the coffee too; you do not

look sufficient to the task this morning. Was your cough bad last night?"

"Rather troublesome; I slept very little; but a sight of your delicious breakfast has brought me an appetite."

The face of the invalid lighted up with a happy smile.

"Isn't Bessie a glorious cook? I told you, now, she could do anything. This is splendid coffee, sis!" exclaimed Master Fred, a manly little fellow of some fifteen years, as he took a sip of the delicious beverage, and looked across the table at his sister's glowing cheeks.

"There, there, brother Fred, I have had plenty of flattery for this morning," putting up her hands with a deprecating gesture. "Wait and see how the dinner comes on."

"But you are going down to the mill with me, daughter? That is your favorite ride, and I want you to see Mr. Mason's magnolia, which is just now in full bloom."

"I do want to go, papa," a flash of disappointment coming over the young face, "but my domestic duties will not let me, I am afraid; I have put my hand to the work, and it will not do to look back."

"You shall not disappoint yourself, Bessie; I think Fred and I could wash the dishes and keep things moving till you return; couldn't we, Fred?" Mrs. Ward spoke cheerfully, though there was a languor in her voice.

"Yes indeed, Bessie must go!" exclaimed Fred, enthusiastically.

"But, wife, you must not go into the kitchen. It would only aggravate your cough; and you know the least exertion quite overcomes you."

Why cannot Kate and Celesta bear a part of the burden?" The last words were spoken a trifle sternly.

"Oh," laughed Fred, "it would be worth the price of a fellow's life to ask them to bear a helping hand. But I can keep the housekeeping machine going, Bessie, don't give yourself the least uneasiness;" and turning up the sleeves of his jacket, with a comical expression upon his roguish face, he passed his plate for a second piece of steak. Every face about the table was cheerful and smiling. Mr. Ward looked the picture of quiet content, and the owners of the two vacant places seemed hardly missed, or if missed at all, to occasion no regret.

"You are in a great hurry this morning, it appears to me," drawled a pettish voice, and a fair, beautiful face put on a little scowl of dissatisfaction as its owner dropped into the waiting seat.

"We have a new cook this morning," subjoined Fred, "and it stands people in hand to be round where she is."

"Oh, yes," added a second comer, "I had forgotten Bessie was established in Nora's place. We might have known, Kate, she would not be accommodating enough to wait a moment for us."

"Papa was in a hurry this morning, Celesta, but I have kept your breakfast nice and warm."

Bessie sprang to her feet without a word of reproach, and entered the kitchen. A shadow had fallen upon the little circle now.

"There, now, this is quite in hotel style," she said, gayly, disposing a half-dozen small plates before her sisters. "Just imagine you are at the Continental, and that stylish Dick Webster sitting opposite, and smooth out those two little frowns."

"Oh, sis, Colonel Mason's son knows Dick Webster," spoke Fred, looking up at Bessie as she returned to her seat—"they travelled together a year."

"Oh, Fred! have you seen Eugene Mason?" exclaimed Kate, breathless with interest—"why didn't you tell us before?"

"I did not think it was worth telling."

"How does he look?" persisted Kate.

"Like the rest of mankind generally," with imperturbable gravity.

"Is he handsome?—did you speak to him? and what did he say?"

"Too many questions at once," urged Fred, going on with his breakfast with perfect unconcern.

"Don't be a tease; answer your sisters

civilly, my son," spoke his father, amused in spite of himself.

"Oh, yes, sir! Handsome? Decidedly! Speak to him? Yes. And what did he say? Well, he asked me if there were any pretty girls about here."

"What did you tell him?" queried Celesta, with a flutter of her dainty head.

"I told him *nary a one!*"

Kate opened her mouth to remonstrate, but Fred would not hear her.

"Come, now, I want you to eat your breakfast, for if I have the dishes to wash, I must be about it."

"Oh, you perfect little mischief!" exclaimed Bessie, springing from the table at the same time with Fred—"I shall have to chastise you!" and a merry shout rang out upon the air, as Fred darted from the house, with Bessie in full pursuit.

"What a perfect romp!" exclaimed Celesta, as she went to the window and watched the fairy-like figure darting in and out among the thick shrubbery.

"I should think she was old enough to have a little dignity;" and with a contemptuous shrug of her shoulders, Miss Celesta swept from the apartment, closely followed by her sister Kate.

Mrs. Ward's eyes followed them with an expression of solicitous anxiety. She was not their own mother. Ten years before she had taken the vacant place, amid a storm of bitter opposition, and in all that time she had been unable to win from them the least show of affection or even respect. This had worn upon her naturally delicate constitution, till now she was a confirmed invalid. But Bessie's thoughtful kindness and Fred's frank, manly good-nature, softened the pain which the neglect of the elder children occasioned, though she had always felt it was a house divided against itself, and in her gentle, shrinking timidity, as if she was an interloper in her husband's home. Mr. Ward had spared no pains to educate his elder daughters, and he had quite crippled his rather limited resources in gratifying their luxurious tastes, only to make them discontented with their country home, and the simple mode of living adapted to their father's means.

For all Bessie was such a merry little creature, so full of life and fun, she was the dependence of the family in Mrs. Ward's declining health, always ready without one murmur to sacrifice her own ease and comfort to the pleasure of others about her. Kate and Celesta quite looked down upon her domestic

tastes and her limited knowledge of the habits and customs of the world; but somehow she was always the favorite, and although she was very plain beside the grace and beauty of her sisters, there was an attractiveness about her quite irresistible, and they had learned to grow jealous of her charms and taunt her with hypocrisy and deceit. There was nothing of either, however, in the flushed face that looked in at the dining-room door, as Mrs. Ward had finished gathering the dishes in a heap.

Oh, ma! what a sad girl I am. I truly forgot everything in my mad romp after Fred. You cannot think what a charming day it is! Just sit down by the window and enjoy this delicious morning air."

The view from the window was enough to oull a faint sparkle to the eyes of the weary, life-sick woman, and bring a feeble thanksgiving to her lips. The lawn, fresh and green, sloped gradually down to the pond, where the water stretched out calm and smooth, broken from the view here and there by intervening clumps of trees or a rustic summer-house, overgrown with honeysuckle and ivy; and close by was the swift pattering of busy feet, and the carol of a merry song, outrivalled alone by the flood of melody that gurgled and swelled from the throat of a lark, swinging to and fro upon the topmost boughs of a tall sycamore. The busy hands made quick work, and in an hour's time Bessie cantered down the shady avenue upon her small black pony, challenging her father to a grand race upon the highway.

"Now for it!" called Fred, as he closed the gate behind his father and sister, and clambering upon it, sat down to watch the fleet little pony that ambled so gracefully beneath its light burden, keeping equal pace with the noble bay his father rode.

The road was very picturesque, winding along the bank of the pond, that now gleamed out in the sunlight, or shimmered through a leafy covert, its small tributaries spanned by rustic bridges, over which the pony's hoofs clattered merrily, and though every foot of the way was familiar to Bessie, the quiet beauty struck pleasantly upon her senses, and it was like breaking a silent charm when her father reined in her horse at a large high post gate, and came to her side to assist her to dismount.

"Beechmont is delightful, isn't it, papa? It never looked more lovely," she remarked, as her eyes swept up the long circular carriage-way through which they were walking, to the old stone mansion, that had seen the light of half a century.

"How much Colonel Mason has improved the grounds since he came; and oh, I am so glad that is repaired!" pointing to the gothic well-house, that stood in a little circular hollow at the foot of a succession of terraces, leading off from the side of the house. "When it was in decay, and the great stone covering the mouth of the spring, I was always reminded of the Castle Ringstetten, in Foque's Undine, and I could never look upon it that I did not almost expect to see the beautiful Naiad rising slowly out of the still fountain."

"You are quite fanciful, my little girl," rejoined Mr. Ward, looking down upon the thoughtful face.

"Yes, papa, I do have wild vagaries; I am always imagining something unaccountable. Do you know, I think out such beautiful poems and strange, weird tales sometimes?"

Mr. Ward sent out such a hearty laugh, it awoke lingering echoes, while a look of pained embarrassment flitted over Bessie's face.

"Yes, that is just the way," the thought ran up and down in Bessie's mind—"I am such a careless, thoughtless girl, no one thinks I have any depth of feeling. I am nothing but a child with simple ways, to be petted and caressed. I wish I could be sedate and womanly, and I will."

"Oh, you dear little Blanche, I am so glad to see you! Did you know I was coming?"

Bessie caught the beautiful child in her arms, her good resolves vanishing into air.

"Yes, indeed! Grandpa said you would be over this morning, and—" putting her mouth close to Bessie's ear, "and he said maybe if I was very good, I could ride a little way on your pony."

"So you shall, you little dear. I am going down to the old mill, and you shall go with me, if your grandma is willing."

The delighted child sprang up the walk with a glad shout, and Bessie raised her eyes to meet those of Colonel Mason and his son, as they advanced to meet them.

"Good morning, Mr. Ward. Miss Bessie, I am most happy to see you."

The elder gentleman held out his hand cordially.

"My son Eugene; Miss Ward."

Bessie received the gentleman's salutation with native grace; but she felt at once Fred had not told the truth when he said Eugene Mason was like the rest of mankind. His face was handsome; but that was not all; there was a character about it, a depth and earnestness that won Bessie's interest at once.

"I should almost think myself in the Garden of Eden, Mr. Mason," addressing the elder gentleman. "I imagine our first parents seldom enjoyed a more delicious morning."

"It is not altogether a strange idea. It would not be difficult to imagine my little guest the Eve of any Eden," was the gallant rejoinder.

"After the fall," suggested Bessie, with a little courtesy, bending one of the wax-like blossoms of the great laurel magnolia, and peeping into its fragrant centre.

"You are very fortunate in preserving so many varieties through our severe winters, Mr. Mason; I thought this priceless for its rich evergreen leaves, but the blossom is exquisite." Bessie's eye sparkled with unaffected delight.

"Don't you think we can judge very much of a plant by its name?" asked Bessie of the younger gentleman, as Mr. Mason and her father turned in the direction of the kitchen garden, to take a view of the more practical. "It strikes me I should know at once that the magnolia belonged to the tree or shrub order, and was rarely beautiful; yet it was named simply after a professor of botany, some time in the seventeenth century, I think."

"It is not my experience; I have been sometimes greatly deceived. I remember my disappointment when a child in learning that heliotrope and mignonette were not trees, or flowering shrubs, at least. I can judge much better of a lady by her name."

"Can you, indeed? What character do you give to the name of Bessie, if you please?"

Bessie had not left her sportiveness behind, and it twinkled out at her eyes, though her voice was sedate enough.

"I should expect the owner of that name to be a woman kind and unselfish, who would not harm the smallest of created things; modest and retiring; amiable——"

"That will do, thank you, Mr. Mason; I see you are quite as much at fault in reading characters as plants by their names."

"Grandma says I may go if I will not be a trouble, and she asks will you not come in?" broke in the voice of Eugene Mason's orphan niece.

"I must go and pay my respects to your mother, Mr. Mason, though our visit was quite to the garden this morning. I have promised Blanche a ride to the mill upon my pony, and we must hasten."

"Will a fourth party be an intrusion, after so readily accepting a third?"

"Oh, no; we should be happy of an addi-

tion. It is a pleasant ride, and a pretty spot after we are there."

Eugene hastened away to order his horse, while Bessie went up to speak to Mrs. Mason, who came out upon the piazza to meet her.

If the highway, with its yellow, dusty road, had charmed Bessie, how much more the narrow bridle-path that led through the edge of the forest, the branches of the trees bending so low as to mingle with the plumes of her hat, as she rode along; the grassy log road across the meadow, the sound of water falling over the rocks, and the buzz of the busy mill. The forest was so dense at the side of the mill as to be dark and shadowy with the morning sunlight lying full upon it. The trees, jagged and bent, stretched over the roof, the leaves penetrating every crevice; the water looking sullen and dark in the shadow, and the great, slimy logs lying in every direction.

"Isn't this a nice place, uncle?" exclaimed Blanche, taking a general survey of the great beams and rafters, the bright saws glittering up and down the white logs, and the small rock fire-place in the corner.

"And see, there is a little boat on the shore. If we could only have a bit of a row, now!" leaning from her uncle's arms out of the window.

"We must thank Miss Ward for our enjoyment, Blanche; but I believe I must thank your bright eyes for spying that boat. Mr. Ward, shall we detain you, or be encroaching upon another's property, if we take a short row upon the lake?"

"Neither, sir; I shall only be too glad to see you enjoying yourselves, while I am engaged in overlooking the workmen a little."

Bessie and Blanche had hardly waited Mr. Ward's reply, but sliding down the smooth "slip," stood upon the rocks waiting the not less undignified descent of the young cavalier. Bessie's laugh rang out with its usual glee, and Eugene Mason joined it heartily, thinking he had never in all his life heard anything so musical. The boat was launched with little difficulty by the combined efforts of the three, and Eugene sat opposite Bessie and Blanche, where he could watch the bright young faces, and rowing the boat around the high bluff into the shadow, he let it move idly upon the surface of the stream, the oars dripping slowly and lightly, making a quiet plashing. Blanche busied herself in gathering lilies till her arms ached, and laying her head against Bessie's shoulder, she looked into her uncle's face with

an eager interest, as he replied to Bessie's intelligent questions.

"I ought to grow eloquent with two such interested listeners," he said, at length, pausing in a glowing description of the Negrone Gardens at Rome. "But I see the sun is creeping to the top of the hill in warning."

"Oh, yes, and my neglected dinner," exclaimed Bessie. "It is like waking from a pleasant dream. I could almost imagine I had been across the long ocean track and wandered up and down those quaint garden solitudes. I could easily forget there was such a thing as hunger."

"I am afraid you would find my description rather unsubstantial food," turning the boat in a homeward direction, and joining Blanche in the chorus of a pretty ballad she was humming, while Bessie drew her hand through the water in a thoughtful, absent way, as if her mind had hardly returned from its long, delightful pilgrimage.

Bessie and Fred came up from the garden two mornings later with a heaping basket of green peas. Bessie had pushed her sun-bonnet back upon her shoulders and the two stood upon the stile with the basket between them, Fred refusing to let his sister descend, till she had promised him a choice custard in return for the nest full of eggs he had found beneath the currant bushes, and which he bore carefully in the crown of his hat, and Bessie was threatening, in a merry way, to demolish his spoils, when turning her eyes up to the long piazza, she saw Eugene Mason upon the steps in brisk conversation with her sisters, who, in elaborate morning toilets, lounged upon the oaken seat.

"Oh, Bessie, you just go up and take them down a peg! It would make them so angry to have Eugene Mason see their sister at work," exclaimed Fred, jumping off the stile, upsetting the basket, and seaming the contents of his hat with many a crevice, along the thin white shells.

Bessie's fun-loving nature was fully aroused, as gathering the full green pods from among the grass and weeds, she caught the basket in her hand and ran lightly up the beaten path to the house.

"Good morning, Mr. Mason," she said, in a light familiar way that quite shocked her sisters' refined sensibilities. Bessie had kept the secret of her meeting with Eugene Mason from all but her brother.

Mr. Mason held out his hand with unfeigned

cordiality, and looking into the laughing eyes, he said—

"Still domestic, I perceive. How came out the dinner on the day of the sail?"

"Oh, finely!" disposing herself upon the steps, and pouring a heap of the pods into her apron.

"How are your mother and little Blanche?"

"Both well, thank you, and Blanche prattling constantly about Miss Bessie and her dear little pony," sitting down upon the upper step, and commencing to shell the peas in the brimming basket.

The conversation touched right and left for a few moments.

"Now this is pleasant, young ladies, you must excuse me if I am very undignified. But dignity is not an element in my nature, and I have become so weary of assuming it I find it a great relief to be in the free, open country, where every one should be perfectly natural."

Fred was peeping around the corner of the house, and at this gave a delighted chuckle.

"I do love nature, wherever I find it, no matter how rude. I would rather stand alone among the crags and peaks of the Rocky Mountains, than enjoy the society of my best friend amid the false show and glitter of a fashionable drawing-room."

The white hands of Kate and Celesta were busy over the green pods, and Bessie was rejoicing inwardly at the unintentional thrusts, and the happy effect upon her sisters.

"You find less of it in America than elsewhere, do you not?" inquired Bessie, tossing a handful of empty pods upon the piazza.

"Most certainly; or else I am prejudiced in favor of my native land. But its women are not the useless dolls we find in some countries. What a mistaken idea, that labor is degrading. I would rather be yonder plough-boy, whistling at his wholesome work, than to get such false ideas of the true nobility of man and womanhood. We should be careful that we do not get in advance of our Lord and Master here. His disciples, you remember, were chosen from the humblest walks. Peter and Andrew were found casting their nets into the sea; James and John in a ship mending their nets. Joseph was a carpenter; and in the life of our Saviour we find no hours of idleness; for even in his lonely watch in the garden of Gethsemane, he was bearing the sins of a whole world."

The young man did not speak lightly. There was an earnest reverence in his manner that could not fail of touching his listeners. In-

deed Eugene Mason was not like the rest of mankind generally.

There fell a moment's silence over the little circle.

"Were I to write a book," went on the young man, in a changed voice, "my hero should be digging in the soil, or laying one brick upon another, or perhaps hewing and carving out a name for himself, among the architects of his day. My heroines should be engaged in some useful, healthful employment."

"Shelling peas, for instance," suggested Bessie; "and lest I should find myself portrayed upon the pages of some future novel, I will make a hasty retreat." Bessie sprang to her feet amid the hearty laugh of her companions, and gathering the pods in a heap upon the piazza, called Fred to come with a basket and remove them.

"You will remain and reap the benefit of your labor, Mr. Mason?" turning back, and holding the basket of peas upon her arm.

"Thank you; upon the one condition of a speedy return. There are so few young persons in our little town, we shall be much dependent upon each other for society, and I, at least, shall find it very pleasant." The young man bowed with easy grace and followed the ladies into the parlor.

The days of summer floated by on swift wings—a pleasant summer to the Wards, for Dick Webster had made a long visit to his friend, who, though essentially different both by character and education, possessed many noble traits which Eugene was bent upon cultivating, for his life, though blessed by an abundance of this world's goods, did not disprove the earnest words he had uttered upon his first call at Mr. Ward's. He was seldom idle. He assisted his father in the superintendence of the farm, gave all necessary attention to his town business; overlooked a vast amount of bills monthly, and never neglected a word in season, either to the farm hands or the young persons with whom he was associated; discountenancing every appearance of vice, and encouraging virtue and uprightness in the most humble. He read to his mother, petted Blanche, and added not a little to the enjoyment of his father's household, as well as that of Mr. Ward, where he had become a constant visitor. There was scarce a day when the sun shone, that there was not a walk, ride or sail planned between the two houses, and Kate and Celesta were always the ones to go, Bessie thrown constantly in the background;

but she was such a busy little creature, it was not always she could find leisure, and then there were various hints and innuendoes and ugly frowns, that made her feel like an incubance, and it was only when she could secure Fred as her cavalier, she would consent to make one of the party.

Early in September, Dick Webster took his departure, his views of life much enlarged by his intercourse with his noble young friend, and his appreciation of the industrious little Bessie, with whom he would gladly have trusted his hopes of future happiness, had she not persistently thrown his attentions upon her sisters. They had gone with him to visit a mutual friend, and Eugene could bid adieu to his companion without a regret, in view of the pleasant intercourse he could now enjoy with Bessie, and his heart was very joyous as he watched the cars steam from the depot, and the half regretful face of Celesta vanish from his sight. For a few days business confined him closely at Beechmont, and Bessie began to fear, she was indeed such a thoughtless, frivolous child, that Mr. Mason despised her as her sisters had often said, but as she was reading to her mother one afternoon, sitting upon a low stool at her feet, her thoughts glancing off from the page upon which her eyes rested, a cheerful voice reëchoed her words—

"We find a person in whom a truly disgusting character has been formed; well, if you knew all, you would know that person had hardly a chance of being otherwise; he could not help it. Quite encouraging, is it not, Miss Bessie? though I imagine it should not be to us, who have so little to try our tempers," advancing and shaking hands with a grace and cordiality peculiar only to himself.

"I am a sad intruder, I fear," drawing the book from Bessie's hand. "Shall I relieve you awhile? I am a great admirer of the straightforward common sense with which these essays abound, and none have struck me more forcibly than this; 'concerning persons who have carried weight in life.'"

"The worse a human being is the more he deserves our pity," turning his eyes upon the next page.

"That sentence always reminds me of a poor wretch, whom I once saw at Newgate under sentence of death, and who, through tears of remorse, and I believe true penitence told me all the steps of his gradual decline."

In a voice and language that brought tears to the eyes of his listeners, Mr. Mason followed the poor criminal step by step, from the first

unlawful transgression to the final, fatal act which would cost him his life.

"We don't know how to pity these poor unfortunates enough," he said, sadly, at the close. "There are great excuses to be made for the general mass. A large proportion are children of criminals, who have taught them crime from their cradles. My heart is often pained at the sight of the poor little innocents swarming the alleys and by-places of our large cities, of whom there is no hope of anything better than has fallen in the lives of their wretched parents. Angels might indeed weep over these babes, of whom our Saviour has said, 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"But shall I go on?" running his eyes over the page.

"Oh, no; please talk instead. We can finish the essay any time. Would you not prefer it, mother?"

"I would be very happy to listen to Mr. Mason, but if he will excuse me, I will go to my room now, as I find I am growing weary."

"How do you agree with the Country Parson in this, Bessie?" asked Mr. Mason, as Bessie slipped into her mother's chair, and unfolded her sewing.

"Perfectly," she said, raising a pair of laughing eyes to his face. "I have a great pity for old bachelors," repeating the words, and breaking into a merry laugh.

"I had hoped so, Bessie," replied the young man, a little more soberly than the occasion seemed to require. "Will you show the sincerity of your pity by remedying the evil as far as in you lies?"

A puzzled look came into Bessie's face, and her eyes dropped beneath his earnest gaze.

"I do not know," she said, for want of a better reply.

"Will you take pity on me, Bessie?"

"Oh, you cannot be called an old bachelor by any means," was the quick rejoinder.

"But I shall be in a few years unless permitted to call this little Bessie my wife. Will your tender compassion permit such a sad state?"

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Mason?" queried Bessie, a crimson glow covering her face.

"Certainly, I am. Could you doubt it for a moment? And your answer, my darling, will be"—

Beechmont has echoed the quick footsteps and merry laugh of Bessie for almost a year; so there is no need for the reply to Eugene's earnest question.

It seems as if the summer sunshine lies less brightly upon the green lawn, and the whisper of the trees is mournful now, that the gleeful voice is so seldom heard amid its girlish haunts.

Mistaken are Kate and Celesta, in living for themselves alone, adding nothing to the happiness or comfort of their home; mistaken in thinking there can be enjoyment in an idle, listless life, which adds weight daily to their selfish, envious, morbid natures, "raising a great hunch-back in a moral sense, where nature made none," laying the foundation for a miserable womanhood, and an unlovely old age.

PAUL AND I.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

The sheep where nibbling the short grass
On the slant western hill,
While just below them, at my feet,
Ran by the tuneful rill
Which little Paul, the shepherd's son,
Likened to the sweet song
That burst from out my happy lips,
And ever ran along.

Like water o'er the pebbly bed
Of some clear, shining brook;
I well remember when he said it,
How the sweet song shook,
And how the blushes came and went
Upon my dimpled cheek,
And how I thought so many things
My tongue refused to speak.

And when he said, "Some autumn day,
Dear little wife of mine,
Some autumn day when the bright sun
In goldenness shall shine,
We two will keep our little lambs
Upon this western hill,
And wander ever, hand in hand,
Wander at our own will."

I laughed and sighed, but surely thought
That day must sometime come,
When we should build an humble cot,
And call it home, sweet home;
But Paul was only seventeen—
I was a few days younger—
And all I know is, that the sweet
Dream lasted not much longer.

Ah, that was years ago, and now
Paul sits in cheerful ease
By his own fireside, while his wife
Makes butter and makes cheese;
And I sit in my velvet chair,
And comb my golden hair,
Wondering if this can be the face
That Paul once thought so fair.

BOARDING 'ROUND.

BY CLARKE WILDFELLOW.

One winter, long ago, I taught school in a rural district, and boarded 'round. I engaged the place with the understanding that I was to follow the example of my illustrious predecessors, and inflict myself upon each family in the neighborhood, long enough to punish them for all of the children which they might be pleased to send to my school. It is a heathenish custom; and I hope to see the time when it will be considered an unpardonable offence, to ask a man to lie around loose, upon the universal public in this manner. Yet there are places even now, where there are people who are outlandish enough to suppose that they are providing suitable accommodations for the instructors of their youth, when they leave them to find a new home every week, among strangers. I wonder why these people forget to ask the minister to board around. Doubtless it would be as agreeable to him as to the teacher; and he would have such splendid opportunities for doing good. Why should not any person who serves mankind generally, be asked to board around?

I was in my teens, when I got my first discipline in this direction; and green in experience, as well as years; though one of my classmates declared I was not *very slow*, when I went fast. But I wished to add to my scanty store of knowledge, and treasure up something for progressive age. I was fond of excitement and adventure, and I thought that this might prove a fertile field. It did not occur to me that I might some time get more than I wanted of all this. "Wild colts make tame 'orses," my mother's old servant-woman said to me a few days before I left home; and if I had been a superstitious youth, I might have considered this a prophecy concerning my own future, instead of an old proverb, from the lips of an ignorant woman. Her words did not mean anything to me then; afterwards I remembered them, and they meant a great deal.

Education and circumstances prepare one wonderfully to receive the truth. Rearey tames horses; time and sorrow tame people; both get tame enough under some kinds of culture, if we may judge by their looks and actions. I agreed with the director who employed me, to consider his house a sort of "first principle," to come around to every

Saturday night during my stay in the neighborhood. But he had no juveniles to be educated, and I felt unwilling to accept his hospitality farther than that. Besides, I had resolved in the beginning to conform to the established customs, and receive all the benefits which an experience of that kind could confer. The first Monday in December found me at my post, surrounded by the Johns, Davids, Samuels, and Sarahs, Hannahs, Jerushas, and Abigail's of these country people. They were the children of plain, honest, and industrious men and women; the sons and daughters of fathers and mothers, not of fiddlesticks and moonshines. And they came to school in their homespun garments; a hard-handed, demure-faced, decorous throng of boys and girls; born in log-houses, and accustomed to farm-labor and household drudgery. Small families were in a miserable minority then: so were fancy names. The parents might with propriety have prayed for a sweeping sickness, or have appeared beautifully resigned if one came masked; for children are not a blessing where they are so thick, that there is not room enough to make them comfortable, bread enough for them to eat, or cloth enough to cover their nakedness. I took a right good look at my pupils, in order to judge of their antecedents. I was anxious to take my winter's work by the horns. If there was anything so very disagreeable in the boarding 'round system, I wanted to know it; and the worst might come first; it would suit me as well. I was not nervous, because I came into existence before that was considered fashionable; but I could not help feeling some interest concerning the several families with whom I should sojourn during the winter. At noon, I inquired of one of the large girls if she thought it would be convenient for their people to board me that week. She thought it would not, and gave a list of reasons longer than I can remember, why I had better seek lodgings elsewhere. I learned afterwards that these were standing excuses; that they were never ready to board any teacher, consequently their more generous and hospitable neighbors had to board for them.

Considerably crest-fallen on account of my first repulse, I selected a smaller subject, and

put the same question. Little Miss knew "their folks could not have me, because they were out of allspice." I hoped they would keep out, and walked away, secretly rejoicing that my appeal in one direction had been unsuccessful. Beware of a child who looks innocent of soap and water. I never went home with one yet, and did not regret it. But where was I to stay? and what was I to do? That was the question. I thought everybody was to care for me, and here nobody was ready to do anything of the kind. An interesting state of affairs, truly. Without farther inquiry I resolved to send word to the man who had the greatest number of representatives present, that I had designs on him, for the first week; and leave him to help himself if he could. Accordingly, I informed one of his sons of my intention, and inquired the direction and distance, before dismissing the school. I saw the urchins safely outside of the door, (and thought the *outside* the *right side* for some of them;) then I closed it and sat down to spend a half hour with myself before I set out to seek shelter for the night. Oh! the philosophizings, and the fancyphizings that I had o' nights in that old red school-house. I shall never again enjoy such delightful seasons of thinking, dreaming, and planning as I used to, sitting by the great old-fashioned fire-place after my day's work was done; waiting there while the earth wrapped herself in her dusky mantle, and the stars came out; lingering as long as I could without losing my supper (for I was not spiritual enough to live without eating); and then hastening to my boarding place in the twilight. How I exulted in the freedom of solitude, and tramped on the treasures of snow and ice at my feet, and drank in the cool, fresh air as I went along.

Well, this Monday evening in December, I walked till I thought I had travelled far enough to reach my destination, and concluded to call at the first dwelling. There was a hut just ahead, and I would go in there. I went up the path that led to the house, and rapped at the door, feeling quite indifferent about the people within; and caring very little whether I had come to the right or wrong place. A coarse but kindly voice bade me "come in." I entered, and perceived at once that I had made a mistake. The family which I was in search of, did not live there. I explained, apologized, and was going away, when the master of the house positively forbade my going any farther that night, and the good wife joined him in an invitation to remain with

them. I was quite willing to stick to a certainty, and I accepted their hospitality, and spent a very pleasant week with this childless old couple. Their house was one of my best homes; and I was made so welcome, and treated so kindly, that I forgot their poverty and plainness; and remembered only their honesty and sincerity. They had come from a home where sea-breezes cool the air, and the sun goes down behind the hills, to this wilderness, to toil and grow old together. Mountain gorges and projecting rocks had been exchanged for extensive forests and fertile fields. The vigor of youth and the strength of middle-life had been given to the home of their adoption. The *fresh clay* had been tracked from the graveyard to their hearthstone many times; and now they were alone in their age; and their careworn faces told me plainly that they had ceased to hope much, and were only waiting to go home to rest. Yes, we are all going home, but what a weary way some of us take to get there. This desolate pair stood like forest trees in the winter, stripped and bare; and like vegetation which has been prepared for death and decay; by storms and frosts; they had been softened, and disciplined, and fitted for their great change by temptations, trials and suffering. This rare specimen of unselfish womanhood was a sweet contrast to those women who never have any duties or interest outside of their own home circle. It was her life, to work for and take care of somebody, and toiling and watching, she forgot her loneliness. Every human being must have either a hope or a memory to cling to; without one of these there is not a man or woman but would starve to death. And it is far better to be hungry for bread than to hunger for love and sympathy; better that our physical wants should be overlooked, than that our spiritual necessities should be neglected. But we saw life from a different stand-point, and looked through different glasses. They were pale, spiritless, and subdued by failures and disappointments; while I was flushed, eager, and wild, with hopes and expectations. They had drained "life's goblet" to the bitter dregs, while I had not yet quenched my thirst from the charmed cup.

On the second Monday morning a little girl came to me with a message from her mother. I might "come to their house this week," she said. I knew I ought to be thankful to get a place without the trouble of hunting; but my good fortune the previous week, had well nigh spoiled me for the race that was before me.

Evening came, and I set out with the "lone widow's heirs" for her abode, which was more than a mile distant. I did not care for the walk or much for the accommodations when I got to the end of my journey, but I did want to be made to feel that I had a right there, or somewhere in the world. Here I found an enterprising woman who was fully competent to "paddle her own canoe." She had managed her temporal affairs so much better than her careless husband had ever done, that some of her spiteful neighbors declared that his removal was no loss to his family.

The evening of my arrival, my hostess proceeded to entertain me with her own early history; the peculiarities of her offspring; the condition of her worldly matters; the prospects of her grown-up sons; and the good qualities of her marriageable daughters. This last might have been a *bald hint* to one more aspiring than myself; but I was always dull on some subjects. Of course I had to pretend to be interested in all these family matters; but when I found that the widow talked in a circle, and came around to the same subjects almost every evening; serving up herself, her sons, and her daughters, regularly; I began to fear that I should know too much of them, ere my two weeks had elapsed.

I had a great deal of business at the school-house during my stay; and I believe the educational interest of my patrons was never so near my heart as when I boarded there. Her stories of rejected suitors became tiresome; her tales of petty grievances intolerable; and her anecdotes were great failures. I was constantly trying to find the place to be unusually interested, very indignant or wonderfully amused; and never succeeded once. I can bear a disagreeable thing once, twice, or even three times, but when it comes to be repeated every day of my life, I cry out against it, and feel that I cannot endure the evil. I could have been far happier in a seven-by-nine shanty, with a piece of bread and an onion for my supper, than in her house with everything to please the eye and tempt the palate.

When my probation with the widow was ended, I was ready to lay her on the shelf, and quite anxious for the next volume. I was getting along famously in my school. I had the reputation of a "nice young man;" and mammas were kind, papas polite, boys friendly, and girls amiable. There is not such a wonderful difference in places, after all. The same kind of human nature leaks out in every direction. The wise and simple, the learned and

ignorant, are pretty equally distributed. It was a delightful winter. The earth put on her robe of pure white; snow-wreaths and icicles adorned the evergreens, which grew around the river bank; and the river itself was bridged by an icy sheet, which would tempt the children to try its smooth surface, though forbidden to do so by cautious mothers. While I looked at them I was almost cheated into the belief that I was a child again. Out-of-door sports and exercise is what grown people need, to make them forget the years which have gone over them; the wrinkles on their brows, and the scars on their hearts. If they are terribly in earnest when they work, it is more necessary that they should play like children. All men will surely come to a second childhood, if they live to be old; but it is only to die that they come back to that. How I used to love to listen to the prattle of those school children! How much I was taught by their foolishness! They were happy running, sliding, screaming, and snowballing; while I had got so far past these childish sports, that I could take no more pleasure in them. The toils and aspirations of manhood may seem to us of more account, but I doubt if there is more wisdom in it all, than in the simple amusements of infancy. There were before me the piggish little boys, who would develop into great vulgar clowns; and the unselfish lads, who would grow to be generous, manly men; there were the tattling little girls, who would become gossiping women, and the pure hearted maidens who would be lovely ladies. But children are always fresh, and a heap nearer heaven than grown people, even if we do find in them the undesirable qualities of the parents, *boiled down*.

On Monday of the fourth week there came an invitation to take up my abode with the family who had been out of allpice; and nothing short of an experience in boarding 'round, could enable any one to appreciate the advantages of my situation in that family. It was a precious season to remember. I was thoroughly entertained, and amply compensated for the disgust I felt, and the inconveniences I suffered.

Now it is said that people *express themselves* in their surroundings; and if this be true, some people have a *fearful expression*. Think of rickety gates, falling fences, and untidy yards, representing the owner of the premises; or of smoky walls, unwashed ceilings, and dirty floors, representing the mistress of a house. There is no excuse for filth and dis-

order. I pity people who have tastes and wants beyond their means; but I have more compassion than I can ever indicate, for people who never knew the luxury of being clean.

When I sat down to my first meal with the "allspice" family, the master of the house bade me "help myself," "that was their way," he said, and "if I wanted anything I must get it or go without it." I observed presently, that his actions corresponded with his words. He did help himself to the best of everything upon the table; and the children imitated their illustrious pattern; and put their knives, forks, and spoons, into all of the dishes. The cloth resembled an outline map, with its rivers of grease, its oceans of coffee, and its continents and islands of sauce stains. The straggly appearance of these parents, with their brood of unwashed, uncombed youngsters, surrounding their board, made eating a disagreeable business. I was worse off than a friend, who resorted to looking at a pretty girl opposite him in order to swallow his food, on account of his suspicions. There was no such consolation for me; for no pretty girl sat at that table; and, to get my food down, I was obliged to swallow industriously; I have a horror yet of these family messes. I never did want to wash in the same dish, dry myself on the same towel, lick the same platter, and wipe my nose on the same handkerchief as the rest of the family. I hope it was not very wicked if I stole a clean rag to use for a towel while I boarded there; or if I rose before day, to smuggle the family wash-basin into my room, in order to take a bath and return the basin to its place before the family were stirring. This house seemed to be destitute of everything supposed to be necessary for the comfort and convenience of civilized humanity; and the people were guiltless of the manners and customs of polite society.

My inventive faculties developed amazingly while I strove to accommodate myself to the habits of the people who taught me how to "help myself." I did this in more ways than one, and grew independent of circumstances in consequence. A week passed away, and nothing serious had befallen me. But I had no notion of trying a second week in that place, so I declared myself out of lodgings.

I next took shelter in a hut near my school-house. And if I except the "bill of fare," nothing occurred while there to make an impression. I have not looked a decent pig in the face since; and I should not have been at

all surprised if in the spring I had found adult bristles upon my person. But I went there fully intending to conform to their manner of living as nearly as I could; so if they had regaled themselves on train-oil and tallow candles, I presume I should have partaken with them.

Another week was gone, and another home, and a new experience, were before me. The neighborhood gossips had told me of a very singular family in their district. The man did not go to church or believe in creeds; and his wife didn't care what folks said about her. I went there next, and commenced reading this new volume of the "story of life." I set about its perusal with more avidity than any volume which had preceded it, because I felt that the story was more interesting. I had now seen several families wrong side out, and I flattered myself that I could look straight through the disguises and deceptions commonly used and practised. These people did not seem to have many friends in their own neighborhood, and that is not always a bad sign; for ill-will sometimes springs from jealousy and ignorance. They had been the subjects of some petty persecutions and annoyances; nobody understood them; their actions and opinions had been misrepresented; and in consequence they had outgrown the people about them. They had become more refined and intelligent, more polite and amiable. They lived very close to each other, for they had loved and suffered much. Their trials had been turned to good account, for by them they had been lifted high above hatred, discords and bereavements. Study and training cannot refine and polish a family so thoroughly as does well disciplined minds and loving hearts. We dislike some persons because we do not know them well enough, and we dislike others because we know them too well. I felt strangely attracted towards this family, and I claim that I have a right to respect my attractions and repulsions. Whenever I do not, something will occur to make me regret my unbelief in, and disregard of, first impressions. Therefore, I honor an instinctive decision, when character is concerned. Here I had found a brave, honest man; one who was willing to be a martyr to his convictions of right and duty; one who would not stoop to conceal or disavow his sentiments; and one who had said to all the world, "I will not pretend to believe things true which I have found to be false;" "my conscience shall not be annihilated."

What a contrast he was to the miserable

sneak who prefers sailing comfortably down stream with the corrupt majority. There are social cowards, who float on the surface of society like the filthy scum which we see on stagnant water. Let them find their level, and work in their own element; they are not wanted out of it.

Every community must have its "scape goat," else what could be done with all the mistakes and crimes of humanity. But I had found a home among the "scape goats," and I liked them. Some people seem to think they have a right to abate a nuisance on their own premises by removing it to their neighbors; so they charge their fellows with the faults of which they are themselves guilty.

Thus it was with the hero of my new story. Yet he was cheerful and kind, in spite of bitter experiences, awful disappointments, and terrible losses. Wisdom and goodness had been pommelled into him after the usual fashion. People who are to be worth anything in the world have to go through pretty much the same course of instruction, and get beaten severely a great many times before life's best lessons are thoroughly learned. Love was the basis on which the family rested; and with such a groundwork they were safe. He was devoted to his children, and his love for them seemed infinite, as if some infinite sacrifice had preceded it. He guarded them with a sheltering, thoughtful care, which might unfit them for toil and responsibility; but he gave them an education which was not calculated to saturate their minds with suspicion and despair, and a home influence which would make them unsuspecting and hopeful. Yet I did not become acquainted with them at once, for it is difficult to make the acquaintance of people who have lived much alone. But men and women do live alone mostly in spite of friends, families, and society. They go up into their attics, and pull the steps by which they go up, after them, so that others may not follow.

It is as impossible to give every one our best thoughts, as it would be to take every person who comes to see us into our best rooms, and feed them with our daintiest morsels. The kitchen visitors are more numerous than the parlor company. But people must go where they belong to be entertained. We know our kind; we can tell whether there is anything which we want under the drapery which all wear to hide their secret selves; but it is the hardest of all tasks to get some people to speak of themselves—their faith, religion, and ex-

periences. These are parts of an inner life which sensitive souls shrink from exposing.

A week passed away, and I knew but little more of this family for having spent the time under their roof. They were not disposed to burden strangers with their family secrets. During the second week, I accompanied my new friend to the nearest town on some business errand. There is nothing like a ride or walk to make folks communicative. New scenes, and a sense of freedom which all lovers of Nature have when in her dominions, gives them confidence to interchange thoughts and sentiments more readily and rapidly than they could possibly do elsewhere. It is astonishing, at such times, how people will allow what is in their heads and hearts to slip out before they know it. It is strange how a skilful touch at the right time and in the right place will surprise them into confessions which they never intended to make. Man has loves, and hates, and beliefs, and secrets, which burn holes clear through him, and get out in spite of all precautions, while unsuspecting friends stand by amazed to see the volcanic action which too surely reveals the disturbed and heated state of the interior.

There are some events in the life history of almost every one which stand out so clearly and distinctly defined in memory that time can never efface or dim them.

Our long, distorted and ungraceful shadows lay upon the pure white mantle which covered the earth that evening as we rode slowly homeward and talked of what had been, and of what might be in the future. The things which had been buried in our hearts, to be kept there, and be pondered on alone, were brought to light on this occasion. No man wishes to cast his pearls before swine; no man will unlock the casket which contains his treasures till he finds some one whom he thinks worthy to behold them; so when this man gave me his confidence, and spoke of the influences which made him what he was, I felt honored, and wished to be worthy of the trust reposed in me. His simple faith made me ashamed of my unbelief. He had something better than "creeds" and "articles" to sustain and comfort him. He did not try to get away from his work, because he knew the Lord would hold him to it till it was finished. He believed that pure, unselfish love is never wasted, but comes back to bless the soul that gives it. And is not love the salvation of more than half the race? Therefore, when ambitious friends or

officials come between us and a great love, it is good to remember that we have gained more than we have lost. Yet, the deluded creatures who are enjoying their season of dreams and illusions now, will not believe this till they waken to the realities of existence, and realize the mournful truth that there is a part of life gone which can never come back again. The knowledge which they may have gained from these "lessons in life" will make them wiser and better, but it cannot make them forget their former ignorance and simplicity, or keep them from sometimes regretting the credulous, careless spirit of youth. Men eat their "white bread" first, and find when they are old that there is nothing but the brown crusts left. They plan, but things appear so different when they take a near view that they find it very difficult to do as they intended. Somehow it always happens that the things which they want most are the things just out of reach. Things never turn out just as they expect, and every new trial and disappointment makes them less sanguine and less foolish. So they grow, till they are ashamed of all selfish aims and pursuits, and find forgetfulness and peace in an active, useful life. And I say to you, reader, whether old or young, man or woman, if you would get rid of a soul-burden, you must work—work with your bodies till your brow is wet, your limbs ache, and your whole frame is weary and worn—work till coarse food is sweet, and a hard couch welcome; and work with your brain till your head is dizzy and your eyes are dim—work till your actual life is merged in the ideal, and its harsher aspects entirely lost in beautiful fancies.

But it is best of all to work for others; to go down into the dark pools of ignorance and superstition, and raise up the filthy, degraded objects which you find there, and bear them upward, regardless of their sin and shame, and unmindful of the soiling of your own clean garments while you are cleansing theirs. It will do you good, despairing man or wretched woman; try it; if not from choice in the morning of your life, at your noon or evening, when temptations and suffering have driven you to seek comfort outside of your own unhappy selves.

My term was half out when I went to board in the last-named family, and they insisted on my remaining with them till my school closed. I was glad to find an abiding place at last, for I had grown tired of the frequent changes which I was compelled to make, espe-

cially when it might be for the worse every time. I had roughed it till the novelty was worn off, and I was thankful for comfortable quarters and pleasant company. I began to regard my calling as an unspiritual one. I found it very tiresome to be forever going over the rudiments, when I wished to be learning something new and interesting. And I was unwilling to throw aside this family history even for the sake of studying new faces, looking into new hearts, and listening to new revelations. The gossiping propensities of some families annoyed me, the inquisitive spirit of others made me almost frantic, while the ignorance and filth of some others were past endurance. But I need not be troubled by these things any more; and I enjoyed my last home thoroughly. My new friend possessed the rare gift of making those with whom he came in contact so happy and contented, so full of the life and love which he had to spare, that they were filled with his magnetism. He was *alive and well* too; and that is a great deal to say for a man, when it is well known that a large proportion of the race are spiritually and physically sick, dying or dead. And the presence of these healthy, cheerful people is better for a diseased body or soul than medicine. From such men and women care and troubles seem to slide without leaving their customary marks.

How I have treasured up every little incident connected with my first school; every pleasant face and association is remembered. Even the days when Nature looked glad and gay, and the clear bracing air put vitality into my frame, are not forgotten. I was full then of fierce, untamed, vigorous life. And when it was miserable and dreary, I could enter into the spirit of the storm and indulge in a fit of defiance and self-consciousness. Upon the whole, I consider that winter's experience profitable. The boarding 'round system had its sunny side. I had found friends where I least expected them. I had learned that our blood relations are not our *nearest* relations. I had experienced kindness when I had no claims upon any person. I had seen men in their shirt sleeves, and women in their calico dresses, and found that love and peace came to bless them in their obscure habitations. I had looked upon men and women in their homes, surrounded by their families, without their company faces and fine apparel; consequently I had seen them *as they were*. I had secured the friendship of one man who had learned to cull and select from the raw material whatever

was desirable. I had the example of women who had given up the work which they had planned for themselves and accepted the work which God had planned for them. I had seen one who had put away the only crumb of comfort which ever came within her reach, because it had been declared unlawful for her to put out her hand and take it. I had seen these people *where they lived*, and it was good for me to remember them thus.

TO DO OR NOT TO DO.

BY AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

"You will never do any better, Elizabeth," said Mrs. Ambrose Freeman, emphatically. "If he offers himself, accept him. You must marry sometime, you know."

"Indeed!" Elizabeth Murray's face turned a shade paler, and her gray eyes deepened to an intense black.

"Why yes, my dear," continued the voluble Freeman—"marriage is the end and aim of all living—especially of all womankind. I hope you don't think of being that human monstrosity—that abomination of abominations, an old maid. Of course, now, while you are young, and have plenty of admirers, and may marry any day, if you choose, it does very well to play Lady Loftly, and to boast and rejoice in your freedom; but when you have drifted away into the shadows of your thirties, and offers of marriage are like angels' visits, coming from bald-headed bachelors and inconsolable widowers, at that, why then you'll think with regret of the noble chances you cast away in your youth, and grow sour, and morose, and melancholy, thinking nobody loves you and nobody cares for you, and nobody would miss you if you went to your grave. And in some such desperate moment I haven't the slightest doubt, my queenly Elizabeth, but you will surrender yourself to the first wailing widower who appeals to you to supply the place of his dear Sary Ann (whom, as he shall piously inform you, 'the Lord, in His wise Providence saw fit to remove about six weeks ago') and be a mother to his five, six, seven, eight or ten little dears, each one possessing a disposition of the most angelic sweetness, inherited, as shall presently be intimated, from its angelic papa. Now don't wait till you come to such a pass, Queen Elizabeth, don't! Be sensible, and take my advice—that is—take Charley Temple. He's a good fellow, and will make a capital husband. You must have somebody—marry somebody—why not Charley? He is blessed with enough of this world's goods to take ex-

cellent care of you; and that of itself should strongly commend him to you, who are toiling so hard to take care of yourself."

"And would toil infinitely harder, rather than sell myself, body and soul, to be supported in indolence." There was bloom enough in Elizabeth's face now.

"Sublime!" Mrs. Ambrose laughed heartily. "Such talk is excellent in the mouth of a novel heroine; but for us practical, everyday creatures, it won't do, my dear Princess, it won't do. What's the use of calling things by such tragic names? Talk about selling yourself body and soul! There's no such thing mentioned in the marriage contract. The terms are simple enough, and perfectly satisfactory as far as you are concerned. A man gives you his love and protection; and you—why, you consent to the giving. Priestly blessing seals the compact—'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.' There you are, husband and wife."

"No! by all that is good and sacred, no! Not all the priests that have lived since Aaron could make me that man's wife if I did but consent to his love, and gave him not love in return; and the reverend man who pronounces a blessing upon such a compact—knowing it to be such—and takes upon his lips the holy words, 'What God hath joined together,' that man blasphemes the name of the God whose servant he professes to be."

"Harsh judgment, Elizabeth, harsh judgment! How is he to know the secret motives influencing the strange parties who come before him to ratify their covenants?"

"I say if he knows. Of course he is not answerable for a sin committed in ignorance. But, in view of the solemn words he has to utter—even his Master's words—he might deem it incumbent on him to discover as nearly as possible whether he were making a just application of them or not."

"By far the greater number, I think,

would be content to rest the responsibility with those inviting the words. There would be few marriages in this world, Queen of Prudes, if all entertained such opinions as you do. Taking the feminine side of the question only, I suppose there isn't one woman in fifty or a hundred who loves the man she marries with such unselfish, undivided, undying affection, that she would rather serve in purgatory with him than reign in Paradise without him; nor who could say *truthfully* that she never had seen, nor believe, so entire her satisfaction that she ever could see one she might love better. But if there be one such woman, and she alone (according to your belief) a wife, what, in the name of virtue are all the rest who marry from other motives than love?"

"Answer!"

"You vex me, Elizabeth Murray, really you do. You are too scrupulous—too scrupulous by half. If five years don't work a marvellous change in your opinions, I shall wonder. If that lofty independence of yours isn't brought low; if some of your sentiments are not spoiled of their immaculateness by a sprinkling of the necessary dust of this every-day world, I'm no true prophet. Worn out, body and soul, in your struggle to compass the means of living—a struggle for which no one was ever less fitted—feeling yourself friendless for lack of *that one friend*, dearer than all—homesick for a home that is wholly yours—heart-sick for a heart that beats for you alone, you would not only welcome, but if I am not greatly mistaken, go half way to meet the man who would lift the burden from your shoulders, and give you rest alone, nor care to analyze too closely the feeling which prompted acceptance of his offer, content to let simple gratitude stand in place of that mighty, overpowering, self-surrendering affection, without which you now think you cannot be made a wife."

"Well, then, Cousin Lucy, if time is to revolutionize my principles so completely as you predict, there is clearly no help for me, and I may not say what I will or will not do in the future. But for the present I am prompted both by inclination and duty, to hold to the 'struggle' until death ends it, rather than sell my birthright, like Esau, for an unsatisfying mess of pottage. What I may be tempted to do, I cannot tell; but I will not commit a sin to-day in order to rid myself of the temptation to commit it to-morrow. In a word, I will not perjure myself now, because it is your belief that I will do so ten years hence. I will put

yet those ten years between me and perdition. And now let us talk of something else, please. I am always wretched for half a day after a conversation like this."

"Because you are so awfully in earnest, Elizabeth."

"I suppose so. But I cannot endure to hear the most sacred of human relations spoken of in a manner which conveys the impression that it is a mere business connection—a joint speculation, in which that party is reckoned luckiest who reaps the largest profit from the smallest investment—a miserable worldly bargain, whose base nature cannot be hidden by the glamor of sentiment thrown over it—an infamous contract, drawn up in a heavenly form of words, but infilled with a spirit so infernal that even the name *love* in connection with it is profanity almost unpardonable."

"There, tell the rest to Charley," broke in Mrs. Freeman, catching up her work-basket and escaping by one door as Charley Temple, with the freedom of a familiar guest, appeared unannounced at the other.

Elizabeth greeted him with an inward shudder. As a friend, she could receive him freely and cordially; as a suitor, her soul recoiled from him with positive loathing. In vain she strove that morning to lead the conversation away from a subject to which the thought of her companion continually turned; in vain she endeavored to close up all avenues of approach to a confession which she shrank from hearing from this man. Mr. Temple had come with a purpose, and it was quite evident he did not intend to go away till he had put it into effect. But two things, therefore, remained to his victim—precipitate flight or submissive attention. Elizabeth's dignity not admitting of the first, she was compelled to the latter, and the avowal, so painful to hear when there is no response in the listener's heart, came forth in broken sentences, to which, by tremor, and blushes, and shy tenderesses, she was expected to put most blissful periods. But the disjointed words could not be so deliciously knit together and sweetly punctuated; the cheeks that should have blushed were paler than their wont, and if the blood ran swifter through the listener's heart, it was a thrill of pain and not of ecstasy that quickened its flow.

Kindly, though with seeming cruelty, came the answer—very cold, but very true—"I do not love you, Mr. Temple."

The man's face darkened under a passing cloud of disappointment and mortification, but

to him the words were not what the speaker thought them, a decided conclusion to the whole matter.

"Not now, perhaps, Elizabeth," he said, softly, moving near, and attempting to imprison her hand—"not now; but I can wait; love will come in time. I ask you now but to give me your hand. My devotion shall win your heart at last. I am no arrogant, exacting man, that cannot be content with less than adoration. I do not come to you as a mighty conqueror, demanding the surrender of your entire self—desiring to hold the keys and be possessed of every gate of entrance to your soul."

"And therefore I cannot marry you. Were you that 'mighty conqueror,' (but you are not) I would surrender at once, yield up the keys, fling open the gates, and cry, 'Enter, my lord, my master!' No, Mr. Temple, your devotion could not win my heart; it might, very possibly, excite my gratitude, were I dependent on you for kindnesses; but you could not teach me to love, though you may be an excellent tutor withal. Love is not taught, I fancy; that is, love that is really worth having or giving. The sickly feeling, falsely named, which is warmed into feeble life and kept in existence by constant attention and most careful nursing, never repays the labor and pain that it costs. Not loving you, there is no reason why I should marry you, but every reason that I should not. I could not stand before the God and promise that which is not now in my heart, and which I have no cause to believe ever will be there. So I cannot be your wife, Mr. Temple; but what I was yesterday, I am to-day, and I think will always be—your friend—all the truer, if you will believe it, for this refusal to become more."

But Mr. Temple *did not* "believe it." The woman that would not be his wife, could not be his friend. The woman who had decisively rejected the highest honor in his power to confer, could not even thereafter hold a mediate place in his regards. He felt towards her as he might towards one who had done him a great injury. It appeared to him that he had lowered himself by confessing to a love that was not reciprocated. He felt mortified—humiliated—incensed, and the smart of his wounded self-love served to counteract any more serious pain. Now that he thought of it, he wondered what attraction Miss Murray had ever possessed for him. She was excessively plain—strange he had not observed it before—and her manners were unquestionably disagreeable—yes,

intensely so. On the whole, he had reasons for self-congratulations. To-morrow, or any time later, if you should speak her name in his presence, you might observe a slight contemptuous movement of his head, a peculiar, significant expression of his face, which would somehow give you the impression that Miss Murray was not just the honorable, high-minded woman that you had supposed her—that here was a man who knew something highly discreditable to her, but was far too magnanimous and chivalrous a gentleman to reveal it, even under the severest provocations.

And this was the man whom Elizabeth was advised to marry, because—*forsooth*—she "would not be likely to do any better," an assertion which she never presumed to contradict, but inwardly thanked God there was no necessity for her to "do" at all, fully believing that there were occasions, and this was one, when *not* to do is "better" and far more glorious than to do. In the absence of her rightful sovereign, she would not swear allegiance to any base-born commoner who might aspire to the unoccupied throne in her affections; firstly, because all that was good and pure in her nature revolted against such a traitorous act and such ignoble rule; and secondly, because she knew that if ever the true king came, she could not restrain her soul from going forth to meet him, nor from bowing down in acknowledgment of his authority (pardon the word, oh, ye of the "strong-minded" sisterhood, for it is excellent as it stands) though she were bound by ten thousand oaths of the lips to support the nominal claims of his usurper.

Therefore, she would tarry the coming of her true-born prince. And what if he never came? What if, while she toiled singly on her heavenward path, the rushing years should whirl all the glory of her youth away, and wasted, and worn, and old, and something desolate, should have no answer to give withal when her counsellors began to rail, and mock, and ask deridingly—"What tidings of the mighty prince?"—"When cometh the dallying king?" not hesitating even to take up the taunt of Elisha (as if she were, verily one of Baal's own worshippers) "Cry aloud! for he is a god—either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is gone a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked?" Well, and what? Elizabeth smiled softly to herself as she asked the question; but she would not "cry." No, excellent counsellors, good people all, she would not be so desperate. Her

"god" should finish his talk, continue his pursuit, accomplish his journey, and sleep out his sleep. Her lord should come when he pleased. She would not hasten him by a moment. He would come when he needed her, and she could bide his time. But would she be happy—so alone? Perhaps not—very likely not—in honest truth—*no*. But happier, she firmly believed, than if linked inseparably to one who was nearer to her than other men only because he loved her, and because she had given him such overwhelming promises that he must in course of duty be to her thereafter an object of especial interest, if not of real affection.

THE CRUSE THAT FAILETH NOT.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother.

Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain,
Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy?—do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.

Is the heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain can its ceaseless longings still.

Is the heart a living power?—self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving; and by serving, love will grow.

Author of Schönberg-Cotta Family.

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THE SAILOR'S WAIF.

BY MINNIE MARY LEE.

It only seems the other day
That Dora dwelt across the way,
A little maid, with eyes of brown,
The sweetest child in all the town.

Companion mine, she was at play,
She was not sad, nor was she gay,
But patient, gentle, wise and good,
She promised noble womanhood.

She was my love through boyhood-life;
She was to be my manhood's wife;
A thousand hopes were woven with her,
A thousand dreams with Dora Burr.

Another charm life held for me—
I wildly loved the glorious sea;
To Dora Burr I bade adieu,
And sailed afar o'er waves of blue.

Her portrait next my heart I wore,
Her image in my heart I bore.
My Ave Marie was her name,
At morn, and noon, and night, the same.

Five years in toil and shipwreck past;
Five years, and I returned at last,
Confiding Hope spread eager wing,
Of Dora only, whispering.

I found her wooed, and won, and wed;
I'd rather found my darling dead;
I'd rather by her grave have wept,
And known her faithfulness was kept.

I write these lines across the way,
From where fair Dora dwells to-day;
I love to see her form once more
A flitting in and out of door.

She does not dream and cannot know
Her lover of the long ago,
Her lover through all coming years,
Is watching her through sighs and tears.

I wonder if, down in her heart,
A little place is set apart
For one she promised years ago
To love for life, through weal and woe.

To-morrow's sun shall shine on me
Afar out on the stern blue sea;
My prayers to Heaven, still as they were,
That blessings only flow to her.

Sometimes I think that in the clime
Where Love and Truth become sublime,
My pulse and hers one throb shall stir,
And she'll be mine, sweet Dora Burr.

THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

BY CLAUDE MERCHANT.

"Well, Harry, you are not going off already are you? Wont you remain with me this evening and have a literary feast with some of my favorite authors?"

The speaker was a young gentleman of about twenty-five years of age, and was the pastor of a flourishing congregation in P——, where he had but lately arrived. He was tall, and possessed a well formed figure. His complexion was very fair, hair of an auburn hue, and eyes of dark gray. His disposition was mild, and though firm in many things, he still yielded to the wishes of those about him in many of the affairs of life.

The person spoken to was a gentleman several years younger than Mr. Lord. Harry White, as he was familiarly known, was of medium stature, with dark hair and dark eyes. His head would have delighted a phrenologist, so distinct were all its features. He was a young banker, rising rapidly in the world. He thought and acted for himself, and when he felt confident that any proposed measure was *strictly right*, he would support it with all his power, no matter how unpopular it might be at the time. Harry had called to have a few minutes' conversation with his minister, and had just risen to retire when Mr. Lord spoke to him as above.

"No, thank you, Mr. Lord, I should be glad to give myself that pleasure, but this evening I must go to the Division room, in which I would be very much pleased to see you."

"To the Division room! I do not recollect ever having heard of a Division before. Pray explain."

"Never heard of a Division!" exclaimed Harry, with a look of astonishment, as he accepted the proffered seat. "Never heard of a Division! Indeed, I am greatly surprised to hear you say so, and willingly will I explain the mystery to you. A Division in the sense in which I have used it, is a society of men banded together and governed by certain rules and laws, in order more fully and more successfully to resist the terrible power of that enemy of mankind—the tyrant alcohol. It is a total abstinence society, and is a branch of the Order of the Sons of Temperance. Now, after this explanation, will you allow me to propose

you this evening as a candidate for member-ship?"

"Well, I don't know about that. I would like to know more about it before I take that step."

"Oh! If that is your only objection, I will give you a copy of our constitution and by-laws, which you can examine at your leisure and then judge for yourself."

"Yes, Harry, that is all very well; but, aside from the fact that I am not thoroughly acquainted with the society itself, there are some other objections which would deter me from taking such a step."

"Well, let me hear what objections you can urge and I will try my best to remove them, in the short time that I have yet to spare," replied Harry, as he scanned the movements of his pastor, who sat opposite him, toying with a pencil and apparently deep in thought.

"Your cause is a good one," began Mr. Lord, in slow, measured tones, as if upon each word hung the fate of a nation, "and I should give it all the encouragement in my power; but I must, at least at present, refuse to connect myself with the society. Here I am, a minister of the Gospel, in charge of this congregation, and as a minister one of my duties is to unite in the holy bonds of matrimony such as present themselves to me for that purpose. Now you very well know that I am often invited to the residence of some friend of the bride or bridegroom, there to perform the ceremony. It is always customary, as you are aware, to entertain the company assembled on such an occasion with refreshments, and among them wine. It must be evident to you that if I should decline to drink wine under such circumstances I would throw a shade over the festivity usually found at such places. I do not drink any quantity of the wine, but merely take a sip or two just for appearance sake.

see you look disapprovingly of this sentiment, but such is the fact. This then, is one reason why I cannot join a total abstinence society. I would not, however, be misunderstood as being opposed to the temperance cause, for I contend that I am still a strong temperance man, and I will preach up temperance from the pulpit always." Mr. Lord having thus defined his position, expected that his sentiments

would not be vigorously opposed by his friend Harry, but in this he was mistaken. Harry had listened coolly to every word the minister had said, and as he finished he smiled as though he had already defeated his opponent.

"Is that the great reason which lies in the way? Now then, let me give you my candid opinion in regard to that matter. When wine is offered under the circumstances which you have mentioned, the only question which you should ask yourself is, 'Is it right for me to drink this wine?' No consideration of what others may think should lead you to ignore that plain question. I assert that it is not right—that the custom of drinking wine for the sake of those around you—to avoid giving offense to those whose society you value—to prevent Mrs. Grundy from bearing your name around the town—is wrong. I assert, and I can bring proofs to the support of my assertion, that it is a great moral wrong—a wrong and a crime for which we will be held accountable. The wine cup is the road to ruin, as many thousands of wretched men and women can testify. You say that by refusing you will cast a shadow over the mirth of the occasion. If your conscience tells you that you have done right, what matters it what the people say or think. 'Be sure you are right, and then go ahead,' is my motto, and a good motto it is. You may really think that you are doing no harm by merely taking 'a sip or two' of the ruby wine, but there let me disagree with you. Suppose there are a number of young men in the company. A young lady, beautiful as a sunbeam, with no thought of doing harm, hands a glass of sparkling wine to one of them. At first the young man, recollecting perhaps the teachings of a loving mother, refuses the proffered glass; but the young lady will quickly say, 'Why, certainly, there can be no harm in it, for there is Mr. Lord just now with a glass in his hand.' The young man looks to another part of the room and sees you taking that 'sip or two'; his better reason forsakes him; he yields to the influences around him, and taking the glass from the lady, drains it. Other glasses are offered him by other ladies, and when he leaves that place of pleasure, so overcome is he with the wine that he must needs be supported to his home. That one act—that one sip—decided that young man's destiny, and step by step, he descends in the scale of respectability, until ere long he becomes an outcast from society. That, sir, is but the result of the influence which that 'sip or two,' at such a place may produce." Harry sat erect,

with eyes intently fixed upon Mr. Lord, as he thus expressed his sentiments. Mr. Lord, from the listless attitude into which he had fallen, was soon aroused into a position of earnest attention as truth after truth was forced home upon him, and his eyes fell before the dark flashing eyes of Harry, as he turned them full upon him. Mr. Lord could not but acknowledge the truth of Harry's argument, but he had no idea of giving up the contest as yet.

"Yes, Harry! all you say may be very true, but you certainly should make more allowance in my case. I do not drink even one glass but merely make a pretence of drinking, in order to avoid remark."

"But, Mr. Lord, I contend that is *not the amount* which you drink, but it is the *influence* which your *sanction* of this custom creates which causes all the mischief I have already spoken of. The influence of your action acts silently but with a dreadful power." This was rather a hard hit at Mr. Lord, and he thought that he would change his tactics and try to overwhelm his young opponent. Now he would cease to defend his own conduct and take the offensive.

"Well now, my dear Harry, you must confess that if young men are so easily persuaded to drink wine when, as you say, they know that they ought not to do so, they must certainly possess minds of a very inferior order, and there must be a great lack of moral stamina in them. For my part I think that such men in most cases will be ruined at any rate, it matters not in what kind of society they may go. You certainly cannot deny that such young men are 'weak minded'?"

"Yes, I can deny that they are weak minded. Allow me to ask you again why you do not refuse to taste the proffered wine at a social assembly?"

"Why, as I said before, because I do not wish to throw a gloom over the 'company,'" answered Mr. Lord, somewhat in surprise at the unexpected question.

"Very well answered. Do you therefore consider it wrong—in a moral and not a social view—to refuse wine on such an occasion?"

"Well, I really can't see that it is wrong to refuse, but politeness demands it;" the clergyman spoke this slowly, not being very much pleased to make this admission, though forced to do so by the very nature of the question.

"You then acknowledge that it is right to refuse wine when offered at such a place," said Harry, looking at Mr. Lord, who assented

to the remark by a nod. "If you are not able to resist the wine, under the plea that by refusing you might hurt the feelings of your friends, how could we expect other young men to follow a different course. If they but follow your example, even if they do carry it out beyond the limits of propriety, are they to be called 'weak minded?' No! verily not! There are but few young men who can resist the fascinations of a beautiful woman, and shall we wonder that so many young men are ruined every year when every day we see beautiful young ladies pressing their gentlemen friends to drink wine? May the women of the land view this question in its true light, and resolve that henceforth they will no longer tempt to destruction with the flashing cup those who are the hope of the nation! But, admit for a moment, that these young men spoken of are weak minded, as you say. Does the fact that they have inferior minds and wills which cannot resist temptation, give you, or any lady or gentleman in the room, any right to use your superior influence in leading them straight to their destruction? No! I should think not. Say rather that in such a case you should throw more safeguards around him to prevent him from being carried away by temptation. So take it in whatever view you please, you must come to the same conclusion—that the custom of drinking a social glass is a great moral wrong." Harry ceased speaking, and taking out his watch observed that it was growing late. He rose and so did Mr. Lord, and as they clasped hands, Harry said, "I hope Mr. Lord, that I have excited no ill-feelings, for I have spoken only what I thought and knew to be truth."

"No indeed, there is no harm done, and I am glad that we have had this confidential talk, and I will see how your ideas endure the test of practice," replied Mr. Lord, in a gay manner.

"Good-night, Mr. Lord."

"Good-night, Harry; call soon again."

"Thank you, I will."

The two gentlemen separated for the evening—Mr. Lord to return to his study to write a sermon, and Harry to go to the Division room, there to aid in the advancement of the great temperance reform.

A few weeks after the above conversation had taken place, Mr. Lord was making calls upon the members of his congregation, as was his custom. He had but one more to visit that afternoon, and that was Mrs. Lewis, a widow

lady, living in a pretty cottage on one of the more retired streets of P——. The lady had an only son, whose name was Willie, a young man of some nineteen years, whom she almost idolized. Willie had a good clerkship, the income from which very comfortably supported his mother and himself. He was just beginning to go into society, and, like too many other young men, was just beginning to adopt—or rather had already adopted—the drinking usages of society. Of late he had, in this respect, on several occasions, overstepped the bounds of social propriety, and the evening before he had been brought home by policemen, having been found lying on the pavement—*drunk*. What a world of misery, and woe, and wretchedness, is contained in that one word—*drunk*—when associated with the name of one near and dear to us.

Mr. Lord was not aware of these circumstances as he entered the cottage of Mrs. Lewis; but as he sat talking with her about general affairs, he noticed that she was sad, and that her eyes were swollen as if she had been weeping very much. The conversation dragged on heavily, and during somewhat of a pause, Mr. Lord said, in a kind, gentle tone—

"Something appears to trouble you, Mrs. Lewis. Will you confide in me, and I will do all in my power to comfort you?"

The lady looked at Mr. Lord, wondering, perhaps, if he were to be trusted; but seeing the look of pity upon his face, a mist gathered over her eyes, her feelings could not be restrained, and she burst into sobs. After she had become somewhat composed, Mrs. Lewis, in a faltering voice, said—

"Oh, Mr. Lord! Last night my Willie—he whom I have almost idolized—my darling, darling son—was brought home drunk. There he comes now," continued the lady, as she glanced through the window and espied Willie, a tall, handsome young man, coming slowly up the garden path, "you speak to him; I cannot."

The mother's heart was full, she could speak no more, and she retired from the room, overcome with emotion, just as her son entered by another door.

Willie, seeing Mr. Lord, advanced to greet him, and Mr. Lord observed as he took his hand that it trembled, and that his eyes were bloodshot. After the usual subjects of conversation had been touched upon, Mr. Lord remarked in a serious tone, fixing his eyes steadily upon the young man—

"Well, Willie, I have heard that you indulged rather too freely in wine last evening at the wedding of our young friend Ashton. I hope that the rumor is not true?"

Willie made no reply, but his trembling lip and great uneasiness gave evidence that he knew but too well how he had disgraced himself. Mr. Lord felt keenly the mortification and shame evidently endured by Willie, and was anxious to persuade him to confide in him as a friend.

"Well, since this affair has happened, tell me what tempted you to overstep the bounds of prudence on such an occasion."

"Well, Mr. Lord, I will tell you how it happened," commenced Willie, but a mist gathered in his eyes, so that he dared not look up; his lips trembled, and his hands moved about nervously, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could sufficiently restrain his feelings to relate his narrative. "By invitation," he continued, "I was present at the wedding of George Ashton. When the company were served with refreshments, Lucy Day handed me a glass of wine, and with one of her most bewitching smiles requested me to drink. For a moment I hesitated, for I remembered that on that very day my mother had said to me, 'Willie, don't touch the wine.' Lucy noticed my hesitation, and pressed the wine upon me. I wavered; I glanced to the other end of the room and saw you just raising the glass to your lips. I forgot the words of my mother, and I drank the wine. Afterwards, Sophy Green, Alice Clayton, and several other young ladies, offered me wine, and I, not wishing to displease them, drank it, and when I was about to return home, I found that I had taken too much. All I now remember after that is that I was brought home by some one, and that my mother with tearful eyes was taking care of me."

As he ceased speaking, Willie turned his head away to hide his emotion, but Mr. Lord saw the tears chasing each other down his cheeks.

"I am very sorry that this has happened, and I hope it may teach you to be more careful in the future. I am sorry, too, that you should have been led astray by any act of mine, and this incident will not be without its lesson to me also. We have both been guilty, and therefore let us both resolve that henceforth we will not touch the wine when it is thus offered, 'for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' Will you take the pledge?"

"Yes," replied Willie, with a smile, "I have already done that. I met Harry White to-day, and I asked him to propose me this evening as a candidate for membership in the Sons of Temperance, and he promised to do so. I will never more disgrace myself in that manner if I can help it."

Willie spoke now in a firm voice, and it was evident that he meant to keep his pledge.

"I am glad that you have made this determination, and I too will become a candidate for membership in that order, although but a few weeks ago I refused to do so."

After some further conversation, the minister took his leave. He had learned a great lesson that afternoon, and he had seen the theory of Harry White fully sustained in practice. He now, under the influence of that sad circumstance, saw the powerful influence which his simple action of raising the wine to his lips wielded.

Need we say how happy Mrs. Lewis was when she found that her son had determined to become a Son of Temperance?

That evening, Mr. Lord and Willie Lewis were proposed by Harry White, and they became shining lights in the order, working ever for the good of mankind, and using their influence, the power of which they had already seen, in endeavoring to persuade others to shun the tempting cup.

THE MAPLE BY THE STREAM.

BY LYDIA M. RENO.

The summer sunshine slanted o'er
The maple by the stream,
And shimmering leaves to wanton winds
Were whispering our dream.

Oh! the names you carved that golden day
On the maple, long ago,
Are growing dim, love, dim with time,
And winter's storm and snow.

But the name you carved upon my heart
That fateful summer day,
Wears deeper still with passing years,
And ne'er can fade away.

Oh, my heart aches sore as the bright buds swell
On the maple by the stream,
For the tender light of those golden years
Is only a broken dream.

ROCHESTER, PA.

A CHAPTER ON LACES.

Women, who understand what's what, evince as much admiration for beautiful lace as men equally gifted, and who love good things, always tender to genuine old port. Each sex has its own petty luxury, and both indulge freely whenever their means permit of gratification. To discuss whether lace be a more laudable object of admiration than wine, or *vice versa*, is not our purpose here. Both are, doubtless, excellent things in their way; for our part, we should not dread the result of a discussion in which the merits of the masculine against the feminine hobby were duly set forth and compared.

Lace is undoubtedly the most beautiful fabric which a woman wears; it is at once the most delicate and artistic. The knowledge of good lace, or what is known in common parlance as "real lace"—in other words, to be able to detect lace made by hand from that which is produced by machinery, is an intuitive gift among the fair sex. It is a curious fact, but women who have the misfortune to be short-sighted, who are unable to recognize an acquaintance close at hand, have been frequently known to distinguish an imitation from a genuine lace dress at a very long distance.

We do not mean to say that this intuitive recognition is universal; there are many in the present day who are grievously taken in when purchasing lace; the deceitful custom which has been practised, and more especially of late years, of selling lace flouncings partially made by machine, with the edges finished off on the pillow, has trapped many an unwary one, and been the cause of grievous complaint.

The productions of the needle and pillow have been valued and patronized from time immemorial, not only by all those whose means permitted such costly acquirements, but by the highest institutions of civilized lands—the Church and State. Embroidery doubtless preceded lace-making; for, without taking into consideration Eve's primitive efforts, throughout the Old Testament we have frequent mention of embroidered curtains of "fine twined linen, wrought with needle-work, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, with cherubims of cunning work," of "rich tapestry," of "raiments of needlework," all showing that the Jews held the art in high estimation. That the Greeks and Egyptians, and even nations far removed from civilization, were cunning in this handicraft, our authoress quotes many

authorities, and brings forward interesting facts to prove; and it is incontrovertible that in early times the queens and great ladies sewed with much more industry and diligence than it is possible to do in these railroad days. Formerly hawking was looked upon as the only orthodox out-door amusement for ladies of high estate; getting about the country on anything except a pack horse, and along swampy roads, was an impossibility, consequently staying at home and plying the needle was the order of the day. What a different picture from the pursuits of the present generation, when the greatest facilities are offered for going everywhere, seeing everything, and even traversing deserts with comparative comfort and ease. We have not the same inducements for needle-work, the same inclination to stay at home, when travelling is made easy; and to see all that is worth seeing, is the only way to keep pace with our fellows. Not possessing these facilities was the reason of our ancestors employing their daily life with needle-work, and as early as the fourteenth century we find not only high personages, but nuns and even monks, commended for their great skill in embroidery. This skill was developed and increased until the middle of the last century, when the more artistic style of needlework fell into decadence, and we hear no more of a lady gaining a salary of £200 per annum for teaching an earl's daughter "the use of the needle." With the introduction of the sewing-machine, we may safely prophesy the extinction of embroidery as an art.

From the open-work embroidery which was in such universal use in the sixteenth century, we may derive the origin of lace. "This embroidery went by the general name of "cut work," and was made in several manners. One mode consisted in arranging a network of threads upon a small frame, crossing and interlacing the threads into various complicated patterns, gumming a piece of fine cloth underneath this network, and sewing them together by edging those parts of the pattern which were to remain thick. The superfluous cloth was then cut away—hence the name, "cut work." Another mode was to make the pattern without any linen at all, by means of threads radiating from a common centre, thus forming a frame-work for the design which was

afterwards worked in button-hole stitch. Then came the laces, worked on a net-work ground which is identical with the "darned netting" of the modern French embroiderers. The art of "cut work" still lingers on both in the north and south of Europe. Swedish housewives pierce and stitch the holiday collars of their husbands and sons; and some twenty years ago, the white smock-frock of an English laborer might be seen ornamented with an insertion of "cut work" running crossways from the collar to the shoulder.

Lace, which was the last and highest step taken by the needle, derives its name from the Latin word *lacina*, signifying the hem or fringe of a garment. In England the earlier laces were defined by the word "passament," a general term for gimps, braids, and laces, whether of gold, silver, silk, cotton, thread or worsted. Many of the earlier fabrics were made by the threads being interlaced one with another, forming a white braid. Gradually the workmanship was improved; the "passament" was enriched with various designs, a finer flax employed, and thus improved it became lace.

Lace is divided into point and pillow, and consists of two parts—the "ground," and the "flower" pattern, or "gimp." There are various "grounds" and various laces which are not worked upon "grounds" at all. Such are the points of Venice and Spain, and most of the guipures; and in these the flowers are connected by irregular threads, overcast, and sometimes worked over with pearl loops. The Venice points, which have been famous wherever lace was known, came into full use about 1626. The number and variety of laces produced by the Venitians in their palmy days are endless. Facility of design followed the facility of production; formal regular lines and geometric patterns by degrees relaxed into elegant flowing designs, and the tradition relating the origin of that patternless, informal guipure, which, *par excellence*, is called *point de Venise*, is so romantic, that we linger to quote it: A sailor youth bound for the Southern Seas brought home for his betrothed a bunch of that pretty coraline, known to the unlearned as mermaids' lace. The girl, a worker in points, struck by the graceful nature of the seaweed, with its small white knots united, as it were, with "brides," imitated it with her needle, and after several unsuccessful trials, produced that delicate guipure which before long became the taste of all Europe. "Brides" is the French term for those uniting threads,

which are called by lace-makers "pearl ties."

Genoa was also renowned for her "points," which came into general use throughout Europe about the middle of the seventeenth century. They were all the work of the pillow, of fine homespun thread brought from foreign countries.

It is disputed whether Spain learnt the art from Italian or from Moorish sources; but, be that as it may, Spanish point was much prized, and there was an immense consumption of it in its own country, for ecclesiastical purposes. The fine lace, made especially for the church, was but little known in the commercial world of Europe until the dissolution of the Spanish monasteries in 1880, when splendid specimens were brought into the market. Some idea may be given of the devotion of those who labored for the Church as a matter of love rather than gain, when we learn that certain Madonnas were decked with such costly laces that a mistress of the robes from a semi-royal race was appointed to take charge of them. The manufacture of silk lace or blonde is still carried on in several parts of Spain, but it is by no means a very lucrative employment, for we are told that a Spanish lace-maker does not earn, on an average, two reals (5d.) per day. The national mantilla is, of course the principal piece manufactured, as three descriptions of these graceful garments form the toilette of the Spanish lady. The first is composed of white blonde, and is used for state occasions, the birthdays, bull-fights, and Easter Mondays. The second is of black blonde trimmed with deep lace; the third, which is for ordinary wear, is made of black silk trimmed with velvet. A Spanish woman's mantilla is held sacred by law, and cannot be seized for debt. Spain sent to the National Exhibition among her other products, fanciful laces, gayly embroidered in colored silks and gold threads. The Empress of the French has made many attempts to introduce her national mantilla into France, and hitherto unsuccessfully. Perhaps were she to apply this gayer fabric to the graceful covering, it would find more favor with the French belles and leaders of fashion, whose taste for brilliant colors is so decidedly on the increase.

Flanders, which disputes with Italy the invention of lace, is the next country which claims our attention. That pillow-lace was first made in the Low Countries, there is the evidence of contemporary paintings to confirm, as, in an altar-piece painted by Quentia

Matsys, 1495, a girl is represented making lace on a pillow, with a drawer similar to that now in use. France, Germany and England have all learned the art of lace-making from Flanders. It forms an abundant source of national wealth to Belgium. The trade now flourishes as in the most palmy days of the Netherlands, for we learn that 150,000 women are engaged in the manufacture. It is painful to contemplate how injurious the work is to the eyesight; the authoress quotes an authority that many of the women employed in it are almost blind before they attain to thirty years of age. An amusing account of an ingenious mode of smuggling Belgian lace into France by dogs trained for the purpose is given. A dog was petted and well fed at home, then, after a season, sent across the frontier, where he was tied up, half-starved, and ill-treated. The skin of a larger dog was then fitted to his body, and the intervening space filled with lace. The dog, thus dressed, was allowed to escape and make his way home, where, of course, he was welcomed with his contraband charge. These journeys were repeated till the French Custom House, getting scent, by degrees, put an end to the traffic. Between 1820-36 no fewer than 40,278 dogs were destroyed. With what ingenuity dishonest people always seem endowed!

Lace forms a part of female education in Belgium. Charles V. commanded it to be taught in the schools and convents.

The granddaughter of Charles V. the Infanta Isabella, appears in her portrait resplendent in lace, and her ruff rivals in size those of Queen Bess. What a contrast does this ruff present to the hard, uncompromising linen collar so popular in the present day.

The accounts given of the manufacture of Brussels lace are most interesting. The finest specimens can only be made in the city itself. The thread used is of extraordinary fineness, and it is this very fineness which renders the real Brussels ground so costly. The finest quality is spun in dark underground rooms, for contact with the dry air causes the thread to break; so delicate is it as almost to escape the sight. The feel of the thread, as it passes through the fingers, is the surest guide. Every artificial help is given to the eye; a background of dark paper is placed to throw out the thread, and the room so arranged as to admit a single ray of light upon the work.

The making of Brussels lace is so complicated, that no less than seven pairs of hands are employed on one piece, each worker being

occupied at a special department. The pattern is designed by the head of the establishment, who, having cut the parchment into pieces, hands it out ready pricked. The whole responsibility consequently rests with the master, who selects the ground, chooses the thread, and alone knows the effect to be produced by the whole. A very false idea has prevailed that because lace looks a dingy yellow it is necessarily rich and of the finest make. Brussels lace of an inferior quality is sometimes yellow. Our grandmothers loved discolored laces, and when not satisfied with the richness of hue, dipped them in coffee—they having first adopted the fashion to avoid the difficulty and expense of cleaning. In many parts of Italy, and especially in Venice, we have known the most exquisite guipures dipped in acids to give that peculiar hue which it is false taste to admire—and the laces thereby have been rendered so rotten as to make them unfit for anything except to be looked at, and scarcely even that.

The pattern of Brussels lace has always followed the fashion of the day. The most ancient is in the Gothic style.

This style was replaced by the flowing lines which prevailed till the Revolution of 1780. During the last thirty years great and rapid changes have taken place in the designs, which have become yearly more truthful to nature, consequently more graceful.

The most important branch of the pillow lace trade, and probably the most popular lace in the world—we allude to Valenciennes—is also carried on in Belgium. The manufacture having expired in its native city, has now spread over East and West Flanders. The productions of Ypres are the most esteemed, being the finest in quality and most elaborate in workmanship. The art was originally introduced into Flanders from French Hainault. Some idea of the growth of this manufacture may be gained from the fact, that when a census was made by order of Louis XIV. there were only three forewomen and sixty-three lace-makers, whereas in 1850 there were from 20,000 to 22,000 in Ypres and its environs alone. At the exhibition of 1851, Ypres Valenciennes was exhibited at £80 the metre. On a piece not two inches wide, 200 to 300 bobbins are sometimes employed, and for the larger widths as many as 800 on the same pillow. Belgium has now the monopoly of this lace, to a commercial value of more than £800,000. The best test of Valenciennes lace is to observe the number of times the bobbins

have been twisted in making the ground; the more frequent the twists, the clearer and more esteemed will be the lace. There is also the Binche lace, which was in vogue during the last century. There is some effort made in the present day to bring it, or an imitation of it, into fashion in Paris. M. Victor Hugo mentions this manufacture in his world-renowned book "Les Misérables." Collette's wedding-dress was "une ancienne garniture de guipure de Binche."

France, the "lace wearing," is also a lace-making country,—as the fact that of the half million lace-makers in Europe, nearly a quarter of a million belong to France, plainly testifies. Its famed productions are the costly point d'Alençon, the white blondes of Caen, and the black lace of Chantilly. The first, which is the most elaborate of all points, is the only one of the three not made on a pillow.

The prodigality of expenditure on lace by both French men and women, and the profuseness with which they decorated their persons with it during the days of some of their prodigal kings, was unparalleled. The yards of lace required to trim top boots worn by the courtiers of the Regency under Anne of Austria, would make us contemplate the dress of the Napoleonic courtiers as simplicity itself. The luxurious Queen Regent shared this partiality for lace. Her beautiful hand is represented in her portraits encircled by a double scalloped cuff.

The Alençon point stands first among French laces.

We pass on to England and its Buckinghamshire, Northamptonshire, Wiltshire and Dorsetshire laces, until we come to Honiton, which, although far from rivalling some of the best foreign productions, is still worthy of admiration. The art of making it is supposed to have been introduced into Devonshire by sundry Flemings, who took refuge in England during the persecutions of the Duke of Alva. Like all other lace making towns, Honiton has had its dark as well as its prosperous days. Once, when the trade had declined, and its famous "sprigs" had lost their gracefulness, Queen Adelaide tried to revive it, by ordering a dress to be made of Honiton sprigs, adding a command that the flowers should be copied from nature. The order was executed; the skirt was encircled by a wreath of elegantly-designed sprigs; the initial of each flower forming the name of Her Majesty. The example of the Queen found few followers, and when the wedding lace was required for her present

Majesty, it was a difficult matter to find the necessary number of workwomen to make it. It is interesting, however, to know, that it was undertaken by Miss Jane Bednay, who caused the work to be executed in the small fishing hamlet of Beer. The dress cost £1000. It was composed entirely of Honiton sprigs, connected on the pillow by a variety of open-work stitches; but as the pattern was destroyed immediately, no adequate description can be given of it. The bridal dresses of their Royal Highnesses the Princess Royal, the Princess Alice, and the Princess of Wales, were all of Honiton point, the patterns consisting of the National flowers, with prince's feathers intermixed with ferns.

The application of Honiton sprigs upon bobbin net has of late been superseded by the modern guipure. The sprigs when made are sewn upon a piece of blue paper, and then united either on the pillow, by "outwork" or "purlings," or else joined with the needle by various stitches.

Many of the Honiton lace-makers show great aptitude in imitating the Brussels designs, which they execute with faithful accuracy.

Let us hope that although machine-work is "the fashion," the rising generation will not be taught to consider that monotony and regularity are the only qualities of which needlework is capable. By examining exquisite laces, many may be brought to remember that a needle, skillfully directed, can produce delicate shadings, and a variety of stitches of which the "best regulated" machine is incapable.

A GOOD SIGN, AND A BAD SIGN.

A farmer went once with his little son out into the field, to see whether his corn was almost ripe.

"Oh! see, father," exclaimed the ignorant boy, "how straight every one of those stems hold up their heads. They must be the best ones; these others that hang down so I am sure are good for nothing."

The father plucked a couple of ears, and said—

"Look here, foolish child, this one that stood up so straight and still, is almost empty and good for nothing; but this that hung its head so modestly is full of the most beautiful grain. If a man hold his head very high, you may be sure that it is empty."

"OUR BIDDY."

A CHAPTER CONCERNING SOME OF THE TRIALS WHICH SERVANT GIRLS HAVE WITH MISTRESSES.

BY M. E. B.

Of course "Our Biddy" did not remain long with Mrs. Purrim. No Biddy ever had previously, or ever could. A woman with whom on account of her peculiar hobby an hour's intercourse was positively disagreeable, and with whom a visit of a week would be simply intolerable, how could one be thrown constantly in her society in the intimate dependency of servant and mistress, and endure the infliction with any degree of forbearance.

And yet it was in the eyes of the community generally considered a very nice situation for a servant. Mrs. Purrim was an unexceptionable housekeeper; she would allow no bad habits in her household; the family was small, and the labor apparently very light. And yet a woman who upon a casual call would shrink away from your dark delaine working-dress as though it might contaminate her spotless silk, who would tell her hostess that the piano legs were not properly dusted, and detect and remark an infinitesimal stain upon the marble mantel; who, in fact, could make you feel thoroughly uncomfortable in the short space of fifteen minutes, might have the power to render the duties of a servant disagreeable at least, if not positively burdensome. We saw her in her best possible humor, when she was endeavoring to be agreeable to the people, who furnished herself and husband with bread and butter, whom she would not intentionally offend by word or deed; what might not the unlucky offender be made to feel during fits of ill-humor common to all womankind, when the weather is hot and dusty, when the bread sours in baking, or a strong east wind is blowing.

These considerations did not seriously occur to me until Biddy had left me and was fairly installed in her new situation. A momentary doubt then passed over my mind, but I thought of her patience and good-natured forbearance and trusted to these to overlook any little peccadilloes in her new mistress.

Neatness is undoubtedly one of the cardinal virtues, and order as we learned while still in short frocks long ago, is indeed "heaven's

first law," that is, so long as they are subservient to comfort and happiness. When, in their maintenance, all the other enjoyments of life are crowded out of the range of possibility, and one cannot sit comfortably in a rocking-chair for fear of disarranging a carefully-adjusted tidy, or must needs shiver a half hour in a cold, damp parlor, because smoke and coal-dust would detract from the virgin purity of the lace curtains, these virtues pass beyond the sphere of usefulness, and fail of their good intent. Thus with Mrs. Purrim. Her mind revolving around one single, narrow idea, had contracted, until it seemed almost incapable of entertaining any other. It was an unfortunate thing for her, perhaps, that ours was such an easy, well-to-do congregation, with so few of the poor and needy among its members, since other sympathies and interests might thus have been elicited from the pastor's wife. She called once a year with her husband upon his parishioners, accomplishing these visits upon the few days of the three hundred and sixty-five which were immaculate like herself, alike free from mud or dust. Accordingly, my surprise may be imagined, when upon a second occasion within a twelvemonth, Mrs. Purrim was discerned coming up the gravelled walk which led to our front door.

"Oh, crickey!" said Martyn, my eldest born, peeping through the Venetian blinds, "if here isn't Mrs. Sanctity a-coming up our garden-walk, and 'Carnal Mind' hasn't come with her."

Mr. Purrim having little sympathy with young people, and seldom bestowing any notice upon them, except in a semi-annual sermon, thrown from the doleful face in the pulpit at the young sinners in the galleries concerning the wickedness of their "carnal minds" (a favorite topic at all times of the worthy divine) had as a natural consequence fallen quite into disfavor with this portion of his congregation, and had received the irreverent appellation by which Martyn had designated him.

"My son," I commenced, by way of remon-

strance; but who ever knew a lad at the abrupt age of fifteen years to hesitate for rules of propriety, or to feel veneration for aught that savored of hypocrisy. Commend me to a half-grown boy for uncompromising straightforwardness. Girls take off their frankness with their pinafores, and begin their life-long work of dissemblance and conciliation. They learn the lesson easily, and it soon becomes a second nature. Boys seldom accomplish it until they have attained maturity, and then it comes with hard knocks and no little manly, truthful resistance.

While I smoothed my dress and rearranged my collar, Martyn continued—"It's no use trying to make believe you like a person when you hate the very sight of him. I'll abbreviate to C. M. if it would be any accommodation to you, mother; but the name belongs to him by right of discovery and research. That man has found out enough curiosities in the carnal mind to stock a museum; and, mother, did you never notice how he labels them and lays them all carefully away in every sermon—firstly, secondly, thirdly, just like a miser counting over his gold pieces. He actually enjoys it. Don't tell me he'd like to see everybody Christians. What would he have to talk about then, I should like to know?"

"Martyn!" I commenced again, somewhat sternly.

"What a dirty place those two people do make of the world, anyhow," he continued obstinately; "he sees it all filthy inside, and she can't find a clean square inch on the outside. There goes the door-bell! Now for the last scratch on the new piano, and a general review of the Fall house-cleaning. I believe grown-up women are all hypocrites; they sit, and listen, and smile, and look so interested, when all the time I know they don't care two cents for what the visitor is saying, and are wishing she was a thousand miles away. I'm glad I ain't a girl, that's got to grow up into a woman; but if I was—"

What brave reform my eldest would have instituted had he been a prospective woman, I never knew, for the rest of the sentence was lost to my ears as I hastened to the door to greet the unexpected visitor. "This dreadful mud," was her first exclamation, as she settled herself on the sofa, and carefully examined the tips of her spotless kids, to see if they had suffered contamination from contact with the door-knob, while I winced under the action as though a personal rebuke had been administered. "This dreadful mud," she reiterated;

"it is worse in this town than in any place I have ever seen beside. It blackens your clothing in a manner positively shocking; it completely spoils all the natural beauty of the village. Who cares for charming drives, when you must needs come home with your clothes ruined, or would wade through mire to enjoy beautiful scenery. Now in Clinton, where Mr. Purrim was first settled, the white sand was so pure and sweet that the children could play in it all day and come in at night cleaner than when they went out in the morning."

I felt that Mrs. P—— had commenced upon her interminable subject; she knew the construction and characteristics of all the soils with which her sensitive person had ever come in contact, and if not diverted, I knew she would analyze the whole for my benefit. I cut her short suddenly with—"How does 'Our Biddy' suit you, Mrs. Purrim?"

I asked the question with a great deal of confidence and suavity, assured that I was introducing a very agreeable topic. I was not prepared, therefore, for the lengthened visage which answered to my look of inquiry, as she replied—

"That is the very subject upon which I have come to consult you."

She paused for a moment, while quick as a flash there passed through my mind a succession of all the possible calamities which could have overtaken our favorite. She looked sharply at me as she continued—"Biddy is going to leave me."

I felt at once that I was suspected of some wrong, though in what way had not transpired as yet.

"Why did you dismiss her?" I asked.

"I did not. She coolly took the matter into her own hands without even giving me warning."

"That is very singular conduct, certainly. What could have been her reasons?"

My evident surprise must have convinced the lady that I was not, as she had previously supposed, in any way concerned in the affair. There was a conciliatory tone in her voice as she answered—

"That is what I have come to you to learn. I only heard of it myself this morning from an Irish girl who came to apply for the situation. I immediately questioned Biddy, and she does not deny it, although she obstinately refuses to assign any reason for her conduct. Servants are so ungrateful. I'm sure no one could take better care of her domestics than I do. I even go through with a thorough inspection and

GIRLS

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airing of their rooms and wardrobes twice a week myself, in order to prevent any uncleanness, and yet, if you will believe me, it was for this very reason my last cook left the house, and actually had the impudence to tell me that I was prying about among matters which didn't concern me. I have always suspected that she had some article of mine concealed there, though, to be sure, I never missed anything."

"Really remarkable ingratitude," I thought to myself, "that a poor Irish girl should desire privacy in her apartment, or any of the rights commonly held sacred by human beings," but I only remarked—"This was not surely Biddy's complaint?"

"No, she will not give me even this satisfaction, and I have come to you, knowing of her previous attachment to your family, thinking that possibly you may enlighten me, and, if you cannot, to ask if you would not endeavor to learn the secret at an early opportunity."

I readily promised to gain, if possible, the desired information, and after a short delay my visitor took her leave.

Sometime before Biddy parted from us, the children had undertaken to teach her to read, and many a winter evening's amusement this instruction had afforded the elders of the family who were disinterested spectators. They made an interesting group about the kitchen-table—Biddy in the centre, her great red hand spread out upon the spelling-book as she pointed with her fore-finger to the letters of the alphabet, while about her clustered three little earnest faces, imparting their limited information with much evident satisfaction. Martyn stood umpire to decide disputes and knotty questions. His air of superiority would have done credit to a venerable judge. They had many trials—the little ones—principally because the pupil would pronounce E like A, rendered H as though it were spelled "haitch," and called Z sed. The lessons had been rewarded, however, with somewhat of success, and were still continued upon Biddy's weekly evening visits.

One of these occurred during the evening of the day upon which Mrs. Purrim had called. As soon as the lesson was over, I requested a private conversation with Biddy, and demanded the cause of her shabby treatment of her present mistress, and her reasons for leaving the parsonage.

But Biddy demurred. It would go against her "character" if she should make complaints, she said, and she wasn't one to be finding fault with her "mistress."

My utmost powers of persuasion failed for some time to elicit any information; but when at length I commenced to censure her action, and to insinuate that she had not good and sufficient reason for taking the proposed step, she proved herself the same impulsive Biddy as of yore, and blurted out—

"It isn't for the work at all that I'd be findin' fault, ma'am. It isn't the washin's, which must be commenced every Monday mornin' at four o'clock so as to get the tubs away before breakfast, ma'am; nor the sweepin's, which isn't sweepin's at all, ma'am, only just going over the house an' pickin' up every bit of dirt wid the fingers, so as to save the dust from the chairs; nor the scrubbing's—thim is matters of no consequence at all, at all—but it's the back stairs as I cannot get along wid nohow there! I didn't mind thim in the summer time, shure, whin the weather was warm and shiny, but in the cowl'd rain and the snow I'm nearly frozen so I am, an' I just thought I'd get another place and say no more about it, for every one would not think it was so bad as I do, because they niver have tried it, indade, as I have."

Now, in the Parsonage, always an ill-arranged house, there had been recent alterations made to suit the hobby of its present mistress, who did not approve of back stairways leading to the second floor from the kitchen. They were always dark and inconvenient, she alleged. One could not see the dirt, and consequently they must be always filthy—a place for vermin and all uncleanness. So the hated stairway had been torn down, and another built upon the *outside* of the house.

"There!" said the immaculate lady, when the work was completed to her satisfaction, "that is a very great improvement. Now there isn't a chance for a speck of dirt to remain in the house. These stairs can be kept clean by scrubbing. Don't you call this a very decided change, Mr. Plane," she said, addressing the carpenter, who very sensibly had opposed the plan from the beginning.

"Very," returned that gentleman, rubbing his chin with the back of his hand, and winking knowingly at his assistant. Carpenters are shrewd fellows. They see the inside of a great many families.

Thus it happened that the only means for passing from the kitchen to the servants' sleeping-room was by way of the out door staircase. Mrs. Purrim had thought of this matter with a chuckle when she recollected that, notwithstanding her vigilance, a former cook had

been in the habit of taking off her shoes and toasting her feet before the kitchen range previous to retiring, and reflected that such an improper indulgence would be henceforward impossible.

Of course I did not blame Biddy farther when I had learned her story. I felt that, aside from all inconvenience, such exposure would be risking her health, and might occasion serious illness. I expressed myself satisfied with her explanation, and comforted her with this assurance.

"But why not use the front staircase?" inquires some inconsiderate person.

What! servants on Mrs. Purrim's especial pride and delight—the new Brussels carpet? The fabric upon which even the Rev. Joseph himself was never allowed to place his privileged feet until his odious calfskins were removed and unobjectionable slippers had taken their place.

Servants allowed to desecrate this tenderest care of its proud possessor! Mrs. Purrim would have been horrified at the bare mention of the idea.

Perhaps the rehearsal of Biddy's story to that lady herself on the following day was not to me such an unpleasant duty as under some circumstances it might have been. There is a sort of pleasure in relating to some persons their faults under cover of the remarks of a third person, which you would never feel at liberty to come out and say boldly upon your own responsibility. It would not be polite or considerate for me to sit down and rehearse to our pastor's wife her numerous failings, but under the protection of Biddy's confession I administered several wholesome truths and well-merited rebukes. I think she learned more in that hour of herself than she had ever known before. I felt very much relieved as I bade her good-morning and returned to my own home. It did not accomplish any material good, of course. Novels tell us of sudden changes and great reforms in natural dispositions. But we rarely see such miracles effected in real life.

Biddy left her mistress; and on the next Sunday I learned from three independent sources that it was because she could not have the free use of the front stairs upon all occasions.

"Such impudence as servants exhibit now-a-days," said the last one who reported the tale. "I expect they will demand the use of the front parlor for their visitors next."

"You 'put your foot in it,' as women always

do," said Mr. Ewing, when I told him the whole story. "There isn't a woman in town will take Biddy after this. We seldom hear but the mistress' side of servants' troubles. Mrs. Purrim tells the incident as it appears from her stand-point, and she alone has the ear of the public. I have no doubt in almost every instance there are two sides to the stories of 'housekeeper's trials.'"

OUT AT NIGHT.—Fathers and mothers, look out for your boys when the shades of evening have gathered around you! Where are they then? Are they at home, at the pleasant, social fireside, or are they running the streets? Are they gaining a street education? If so, take care; the chances of their ruin are many. There is scarcely anything more destructive to their morals than running abroad at night. Under cover of darkness they acquire the education of crime; they learn to be rowdyish, if not absolutely vicious; they catch up loose talk, they hear sinful thoughts, they see obscene things, they become reckless and riotous. If you would save them from vulgarity, save them from ruin, save them from prison, see to it that night finds them at home. Let parents solemnly ponder this matter, and do all they can to make home attractive for all the children, so attractive that the boys will prefer it to roaming the streets. There is no place like home in more senses than one—certainly no place like home for boys in the evening.

THE MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGAN.—With your eyes shut, you cannot distinguish its sound from that of the pipe organ itself; and the advantages that commend it are, its price—for it can be had for one, two, three, or four hundred dollars, according to the size you wish; it takes up very little room, and may stand in any part of the church; it is not affected by heat or cold, or any change of temperature; it remains for a long period in good tune; and lastly, it can be sent by express or otherwise any distance with safety. It is admirably adapted to the performance of sacred music, psalm tunes, anthems, chants, etc., and any one who can play on the piano can readily master the Cabinet Organ. It is a grand accompaniment when the congregation sing, and is just the instrument that ought to be used in all churches where the people all wish to have the privilege of bearing a part in the praise.—*New York Observer.*

WHETHER IT PAID.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER X.

That John Spencer's fortune was likely to prove a bait to a certain class of suitors for his daughters, was a fact to which the shrewd speculator was sufficiently alive. Had he not been the possessor of a dollar in the world, each one of his girls had personal attractions sufficient to afford a reasonable prospect of eligible husbands, and, in some sense, their chances for marital happiness might have been greater. It was certain that Mr. Spencer's acquaintance with men, had not impressed him with a high sense of their disinterestedness, either in their social or business relations. Since the sudden acquisition of his riches, his opinion of the motives which dominated his fellow beings, seemed to have undergone an immense change for the worse.

You would have thought to hear this man talk, that there was no such thing as real integrity, disinterestedness, magnanimity, to be found in the world—that all men in their business transactions, and in their daily living followed selfishness in its varied forms as the governing law of their lives.

He did not wholly deny kindly impulses to his race, he even admitted the existence of occasional benevolent feelings in mankind, but come to the real impelling motives of every man's conduct, "get down," as he expressed it, "to the bottom of his life and acts, and you'd find one principle there, and that was self, whether the possessor was aware of it or not."

Rusha and her father often had warm verbal battles on this very topic, for she always stood on the defensive, for human nature, at large, and maintained her side with a great deal of zeal, inclining indeed, rather too far to the romantic, and Utopian. Rusha and her father were always diverging in opinion, and yet his eldest daughter was rather the favorite with John Spencer.

This fact indeed was so far acted upon in the family that, if anything particularly disagreeable was to be revealed to him, if any domestic diplomacy was necessary to overcome his prejudices, or obtain his consent to some plan which would not be likely on first presentation to meet his approval, especially if an unusual demand on his purse was required,

Rusha was always deputed to accomplish the matter.

However her father might sneer about her "foolish, romantic, highfalutin notions," she had a way of putting home facts and wants to him, which succeeded better than even her practical mother or less visionary sister could.

Indeed he set a much higher value on his eldest daughter's abilities and information than he did on all Ella's showy accomplishments and brilliant superficialities. In all those things the latter excelled. She had a fine ear for music, and could sing and play better than most fashionable young ladies, so that her talents were always in requisition in a drawing-room. She could play euchre skilfully, she could dance charmingly, in all these social accomplishments fairly outshining her elder sister, who, in a certain way, was proud of, and enjoyed Ella's gifts.

But Rusha was sure to be a favorite with everybody who knew her well. The bright, earnest face, the rare conversational gifts, the pretty enthusiasm, always attracted the best men and women of the fashionable society whose doors John Spencer's wealth had swung open to his family, a society largely made up of what Carlyle calls the "Money-Bag Aristocracy," and whose gods were Wealth, Display, Position, and who worshipped this trinity of Divinities quite as devoutly as the ancient Romans did their whole Pantheon.

One morning after a breakfast, during the progress of which her father had been particularly severe in his strictures on human nature, and Rusha had stood on the defence with a little more than her ordinary vehemence, she came up stairs to the front chamber, which was a kind of general sitting-room, and stood by the mantel idly drumming her fingers on the marble, lost in some thought that made a dreary shadow on her face.

Ella was practising some new music at the piano, and for the space of half an hour no word was spoken betwixt the sisters. At last Ella laid aside her music, and rose up, turning towards her sister—

"You know we were to go out this morning, Rusha. It's high time to dress."

"I suppose it is," but there was no interest

in her voice, and the shadow on her face had not cleared itself.

Ella turned and saw it.

"What put you out of sorts this morning, Rusha?" she asked, as though the fact was not an isolated one.

For a moment the elder sister did not answer. When she did her remark hardly seemed to reply to Ella's question.

"If I thought what papa said this morning was true, that all men were at the core mean, weak, selfish, that human nature was without exception the miserable stuff he makes it, I verily believe I shouldn't want to live another day."

"Oh, that's the trouble, is it? I might have known one of your theories lay at the bottom of that dismal face. I thought you believed in the doctrine of total depravity, Rusha," her smile just touched with a little not unkindly irony.

"In a sense I do; but not in the one pa does. You know how he reasons, that there is no such thing as real generosity, disinterestedness, integrity in the world; that all men, no matter what their professions may be, whether consciously or unconsciously, are alike governed by selfishness, and that that is the root, motive of all their actions. It always excites me to hear any man put forth such sort of a doctrine, and when that man is my father, it makes it a thousand times worse."

"But why do you trouble yourself about it, one way or the other, Rusha?" asked Ella. "Do let pa hold his opinions, so long as it makes no sort of practical difference with any of us. These controversies always excite and make you unhappy. It's so much better to let them alone."

The mild, reasoning, half expostulatory tone was of just that sort which would be likely to weigh most with the elder sister. She turned and looked at Ella with some regretful, half perplexed look, on her fair young face.

"But my opinions are a part of my life, Ella. I can't hold them loosely, indifferently, nor have those whom I love best differ from me on points that are with me matters of life or death. I wasn't made so."

"Well, I'm thankful I was!" answered Ella, and there was something almost sympathetic, in the way she looked at her sister. "It makes one so dreadfully uncomfortable to feel as you do. So long as people's notions don't come in contact with me, they may hold them, be they ever so absurd, for all I care. My philosophy is to take the world easy as I

go along, and get all the pleasure out of it I can."

There were times when talk of this sort had its influence over Rusha Spencer. How could it be otherwise! Its sentiment pervaded in some sense the moral atmosphere of her home; and although in another and higher phase of feeling she would have seen the essential narrowness and selfishness of Ella's reasoning, if indeed it could be called such, it had force with her now. She was saddened and depressed with that talk with her father. There were moments when her highest convictions were swayed by the loud and materializing influences about her. This was one of them; and the troubled look held her face still, as she said—

"Well, Ella, I think you're right as to the comfortableness of the thing, at least. I sometimes wish I was like you."

"Well, it's easy enough to be," considerably flattered by this concession from a sister for whose real intelligence and abilities, Ella, in common with the rest of her family, entertained a high regard. "What do you care whether mankind in the abstract are selfish, and all that talk of pa's, or not. One can have, for all I see, just as good a time in the world."

"But don't you see that belief in the reality of goodness somewhere, is one of the great sheet-anchors of hope and faith? If all men are sordid and mean, or at least self-seeking at the bottom, I don't see what is the use of any God, or any religion, or indeed that there is any. The whole thing is a cheat and a lie."

"Oh, Rusha, you always use such strong terms!"

"Any weaker would not contain the truth. What I said was the only and legitimate deduction from pa's premises; and Ella," her earnestness now chasing away the perplexity or half despondent apathy from voice and face, "one's opinions, beliefs, are the real touchstone of character. As a man thinks in his soul, so is he."

"Well, 'each man' will probably go on thinking and believing, for all you and I can do to prevent it," said Ella, with a good-humored laugh. "Fret not thyself over it, oh, Rusha."

Rusha smiled, but in this case you saw that the mirth did not go very deep.

"Your philanthropy is a very comfortable one, Ella."

"It has two merits, at least. It vexes nobody else, and lets one have a good time in the world."

"But after all, Ella, such a philosophy never accomplished any good in the earth—never overcame a wrong, never righted an abuse under which humanity has groaned. It is a sort of philosophy which no high and noble souls of men or women would approve."

"Well, they needn't. So long as it satisfies me, that's enough. But come, Rusha, the carriage will be here before either of us are dressed; and these unprofitable arguments only consume one's time," and she darted off, humming some lively notes of a song she was learning.

Ella Spencer's philosophy was, as she said, a very comfortable one, but it was of just that sort which has wrought mischief and misery, wrong and woe through all the ages and generations of time.

CHAPTER XI.

That morning down town was a very busy one, for the next week the house was to be closed up for the season, the family exodus to Newport being arranged not at all after the convenience of the household, but at precisely the time ordained by inexorable Fashion, so there was a great pressure of final shopping commissions, and all sorts of small businesses to be transacted.

Mrs. Spencer, with her own hands full, found it impossible to wait on her daughters' thousand and one little personal errands, and it was at last settled that the family should disintegrate, the mother and Agnes riding some distance farther up town to complete their list of purchases, while the elder girls after finishing theirs should join them, this decision involving a walk up Broadway of something less than half a mile, at which Ella demurred at first, she having of late become too fine a lady for any pedestrian efforts; but Mrs. Spencer's limited time made her positive, and Ella was obliged to submit.

At last the multifarious errands had been despatched, and the young ladies were hurrying down Broadway to rejoin their mother, when suddenly there came out from a dry goods store, a little ahead of them, a large, florid faced, somewhat round-shouldered elderly man, with a little plainly dressed, faded-checked woman leaning on his arm, and behind them were two plump, rosy-faced country girls.

A single glance could take this people all in, and fix their status, domestic and social. The man was a farmer; those brown hands of his had helped plough his own fields, and dig his own potatoes; that small, faded, kindly-faced

woman on his arm, was his wife, who would probably be much more at home in her dairy than in a drawing-room; and those buxom girls were their daughters, whose faces certainly did not lack intelligence, if their manners did high social cultivation.

As Rusha's glance fell upon these people, she gave a little start and pause, another swift glance dived into each face, then she said, in a rapid, astonished tone—

"Why, Ella, as true as I live, there are our old friends, the Daggetts."

It was Ella's turn now to start. She threw a solitary glance in the direction her sister indicated, a glance which took in the faces, figures, dresses of the whole four—

"So it is, Rusha," in a low but excited tone. "Do make haste. I should die if they should recognize us."

There was little cause for apprehension on that score. The two elegantly dressed young ladies who swept past the country people, resembled in style and carriage so little the half grown girls the former remembered, that they could not be readily identified. Rusha quickened her pace mechanically, to equal her sister's. But it flagged in a moment.

"Haden't we better go and speak to them, Ella. It seems mean to pass such good old friends in this way?"

"Rusha, would you be seen on Broadway walking with those coarse, dowdy looking people! At this hour, too, when everybody is out! The very thought makes me shiver!"

You must remember that Rusha had her social ambitions as well as her sister; that she had a large share of approbation which made her sensitive to the opinions of others; that notwithstanding her loftier impulses, she was by no means above being influenced by appeals to her lower feelings of pride and vanity, and that she was at times desirous of ignoring family antecedents which an interview with these people would necessarily revive. So she kept on with her sister with some reluctance or irresolution in her face.

There was no question but what Ella said was true. The mutual recognition might involve a good many things, that in their changed circumstances would be awkward and disagreeable. Then the Daggetts had not identified them, so no harm could be done, and nobody's feelings hurt, by saying nothing and avoiding them. But then there flashed up before Rusha Spencer the old pictures of her childhood, the yellow, gambrel-roofed house

at Mystic, that stood next to their own, and the smiling-faced little woman who used to come to the side window and reach down to her the small cake, warm from the little scalloped tin in which it had been baked for her.

She could remember just the flavor of that cake—none had ever tasted so sweet since; and she could fancy herself standing there by the side window again, her head just below the sill, and Mrs. Daggett's kind, motherly face smiling down on her as she reached up her childish hands for the little brown scallop, and Rusha could see her own little awkward fingers probing for the dried currants and caraway seed, that were certain to be deeply embedded inside. A simple little picture enough, but somehow it brought the tears into Rusha's eyes.

And her old playmates, Lucy and Esther Daggett, the freckled-faced, frolicsome little girls with whom she used to go strawberrying down there in the fields that lay back of Mystic Pond. What a difference there was betwixt the fortunes of the old playmates now! Yet she knew by the bright, open faces, that the kindly hearts beat beneath them still, a good deal better and truer than hers, though they did churn butter, and feed chickens, and milk cows.

And then there came a little later time to the memory of Rusha Spencer, when a darkness that was like the shadow of death gathered over the little home at Mystic. Every child of the household had been attacked by virulent scarlet fever. Guy was an infant then, only a few weeks old, and his mother was feeble, and it was impossible to procure nurses, as the epidemic raged through all the country side. Then little Mrs. Daggett came forward and proved the stuff she was made of. Her own children, happily, escaped the infection, and she devoted herself day and night to her neighbors.

Rusha remembered how she had lain in that small crib with the awful pain in her temples, and the fiery thirst and restlessness all through her limbs, when suddenly a pair of strong, tender arms would lift her up, and she would nestle her poor little tired head down softly on Mrs. Daggett's shoulder, and be rocked to sleep there just as though it was her mother's.

The doctor said afterwards that "first rate nursing did more than all his remedies to bring the little Spencers safely through."

All this flashed across Rusha's thought in much less time than it must have taken you to

read it. Then the girl's better nature rose up and scornfully rebuked her.

"Rusha Spencer," it said, "you know in your own soul that it will be ineffably mean and contemptible in you to ignore, simply because your father has made a fortune, those old friends of yours, who have proved themselves so faithful in your need. Don't talk about other people's weaknesses and snobbishness. You'll carry the consciousness down deep in your soul from this hour that you are weaker and meaner than anybody you despise. Sell your self-respect, will you, for fear that somebody may see you walking with honest, plainly-dressed people? That will be a pleasant remembrance to sting you all your life, won't it?"

Of a sudden, Rusha Spencer stood still. "I am going back to speak to the Daggetts, Ella."

"Rusha Spencer, are you crazy or a fool?"

"A little of both, perhaps; but I'm going. Tell me I'll join her in a few minutes," and she hurried off.

Ella sent after her an appealing—"Rusha, do come back—do be reasonable!" but she kept on.

"Mrs. Daggett, don't you know me?"

The farmer's wife looked up in startled amazement as the elegantly-dressed lady approached her with these words; but there was something in the eyes and the smile that seemed familiar.

"I can't recollect, but I'm sure I've seen your face before."

The four people stood still now watching her face with curious eagerness.

"If you have forgotten me, you haven't the name of Rusha Spencer."

"Rusha Spencer!" four voices, in an agitation of joyful surprise, shouted out the name. And right there in Broadway, each one—old father and all—took turns in giving her a real old-fashioned country hug.

"It don't seem possible you're the little girl I've held on my knee and told stories to," said little Mrs. Daggett, looking at the girl with genuine tears springing in her eyes. "Ah, Rusha, what a fine lady you've grown to be!"

"We've heard all about the grand fortune your father's made down among the oil regions, Rusha," here interposed Farmer Daggett, with his hand on the girl's shoulder, and a glow of pleasure all over his florid face.

"I wonder if it took you as much by surprise as it did us?" she answered, not knowing exactly what to say.

"I said to the girls when I heard it, 'The money wont spoil Rusha, I'm sure of that,'" added Mrs. Daggett.

Rusha was by no means certain that she deserved the faith of her old friend, but she was none the less grateful for it; and then she had a gauntlet of questions to run, and not a few to ask herself, as the sight of the familiar faces revived a crowd of smouldering memories. But an interview on Broadway could not last forever.

"You'll come up and take dinner with us this evening?" she said, when she found that her friends' stay in town was a very brief one, compelling the occupation of almost every moment. "We shall all be so happy to have you."

Rusha Spencer caught her breath with the last word, thinking of Ella. She was conscientious enough to have put the general cordiality in a little different form had she given it a second thought.

But suspecting nothing of this, and a desire to meet their old neighbors, combining with a very natural curiosity to see a style of living altogether beyond any experience of their own, the Daggetts held a conference among themselves, revised some of their plans, and ended by accepting Rusha's invitation to dinner, the utmost hospitality which their margin of time allowed them to receive.

When Rusha reached the appointed place, she found the carriage had disappeared. Perfectly certain that Ella was at the bottom of this, she took an omnibus up town, in no very amicable attitude of mind towards her sister. She reached home and burst into the sitting-room, where she found her mother and Agnes, with their hats not yet removed. Her father was there too, having returned home by the middle of the afternoon.

"Well, I must say I think you treated me very handsomely to ride off and leave me to find my way home as I could!"

"Well," returned her mother, evidently mystified with the whole thing, "Ella said you wouldn't be along for some time, and that we were to drive on without you. I couldn't make head or tail to the matter, for Mr. Howe was along, and I saw by her look it was no time to ask questions."

"That young Derrick Howe?" inquired Mr. Spencer, who had opened his paper, but was evidently listening to the women's talk.

"Yes, father; he rode home with us, and is in the parlor now."

"Might be in better business," growled the head of the family.

"Oh, I see and understand it all now!" exclaimed Rusha, a good deal mollified towards her sister. "She must have met him after we saw the Daggetts."

"The Daggetts?"

"Why yes, ma, didn't you know?—I came upon them all of a sudden in the street—father, mother, Lucy, and Esther."

"Well, now, I am beat!" was Mrs. Spencer's rejoinder, as she resumed the chair from which she had risen.

Rusha was rapidly sketching the interview, to her deeply interested audience when Ella came in.

"Well, Rusha, did you bring the whole family home with you?" a little sarcasm in her tones.

"No, but I made them promise to dine with us to-day. Your alarm was altogether unnecessary."

"Well, I expected they'd come along in force, and just after we parted I met Mr. Howe, and I should certainly have wanted the earth to open and swallow me up if he had come on us in the midst of that gawky country set. There wasn't the slightest need of your recognizing them."

The little altercation which ensued brought out the whole transaction.

"It would have been so contemptible to slight those kind old friends of ours, who have proved themselves such through so many troubles, that I should have felt mean all the rest of my life. I wont make a fool or a coward of myself because my father's made a fortune," was the sum of Rusha's defence.

"It would have been so mortifying to have had Mr. Howe, or any of our set, come upon us in company with that sort of people," was the pith of Ella's.

The latter found, on the whole, the sentiment of the family decidedly against her. John Spencer set quite as much value on his fortune as his daughter did, and was by no means indifferent to the increased social and business weight which it afforded him; but he had very little sympathy for some of Ella's "notions," as he contemptuously termed her slavish deference to the opinions of her set.

Mrs. Spencer, never quite certain of her own opinions and judgment in anything relating to the new sphere which she had been called so late in life to occupy, and uncomfortably conscious of her lack of early social culture, was easily influenced by her daughters on all

questions of this sort. She would, no doubt, have been prevailed on to sacrifice a personal friendship to the new position which she somehow felt it a religious duty to sustain; but in this instance old memories were strong, and Rusha had put the whole thing in a light which strengthened one of the weakest points in her mother's character, and that was lack of moral courage, and she came out strongly on Rusha's side.

"I shall be real glad to see Mrs. Daggett and the girls, and talk old times over. I used to think more of her than any neighbor I ever had down there in Mystic."

"Well, I'm thankful that we're to have no other guests to dinner," said Ella, in a tone of resigned despair, as she unbuttoned her casaque.

"I should certainly have invited Mr. Howe to remain had not I trembled at the thought of the company he might have to encounter."

"Look here, Ella," said her father, with unusual severity in his tones, "I wish you wouldn't quote that young man quite so often, or encourage his sticking round my house. As for his turning up his nose at the Daggetts, all I've got to say is, they're a plaguy sight better than he is, with his airs and his laziness. The less you have to say to him, the better it will be for you, in more senses than one."

And this time, if John Spencer's words were ambiguous, the meaning of his tones was sufficiently apparent. A few minutes afterwards, as the girls were removing their hats up stairs, Rusha caught a glimpse of her sister's face in the glass, looking gloomy enough. She at once supposed that her recognition of the Daggetts was at the bottom of all this, and her remark was founded on the belief.

"Why, Ella, haven't you got over that yet? I didn't suppose you could be so silly!"

"It isn't the Daggetts so much; but it vexes me to hear pa come out as he did to-day on Mr. Howe. It's a shame; such a perfect gentleman, and his society so much courted everywhere."

"Well, Ella, I must say that I sympathize with pa there. I could never imagine what you or anybody else found in the fellow to like. He's shallow and conceited; don't you see it?"

"No, I don't, Rusha Spencer," her voice almost as indignant as though her sister's speech were a personal affront—"I should think you'd be ashamed to slander him so. When one thinks, too, how his society is courted on every side, and that he could marry into the very first families in New York!"

A suspicion flashed suddenly across Rusha's thought. "Was her sister interested in this Derrick Howe? He had just those kind of qualities that would attract a girl of Ella's tastes, and there was no doubt that among the people whose opinions would be her sister's law, Derrick Howe was regarded as a "great matrimonial bargain."

Several small circumstances rose up to confirm Rusha's newly-aroused suspicions. "The very idea of that man's being my brother-in-law!" thought Rusha, but she was discreet enough to keep her fear to herself. This was probably only a passing fancy on Ella's part, she reasoned, and it would be certain to vanish with the new conquests she would make this summer, for Ella was a good deal of a coquette—"I am thankful enough she will get out of his way before the matter grows serious," concluded Rusha, dismissing the subject from her thoughts.

The Daggetts certainly had nothing to complain of in the reception which they met from their rich friends that afternoon.

Mr. Spencer even wrung the hand of his old neighbor with a genuine heartiness, and the meeting on the side of their wives was as demonstrative as it was sincere. There were tough fibres of old memories of joys and sorrows, running through a long road of years, which drew the hearts of the women together despite their changed fortunes.

I think that little informal dinner company was on the whole the happiest that had ever gathered around the table of John Spencer. It is true the guest on his right side used his fork for a nut-picker, and was evidently mystified by the finger-bowls.

But Thomas Daggett was a shrewd, sensible man, for all that, and had a sturdy independence that would have compelled respect anywhere, and his wife was such a kind-hearted, motherly little body, that it was impossible to criticize her, and the girls were bright, intelligent, and with a prompt tact that served them in place of experience. There was so much to talk of, too, old scenes to recount, new stories to hear and relate.

Even Ella gave herself up to the spirit of the occasion, and chatted and laughed merrily with her old schoolmates, whenever she could make herself heard betwixt Andrew and Tom, who kept up a side fire of jests with Lucy and Esther.

After dinner they all went over the house, with which the guests were fairly dazzled, except Mr. Daggett, who coolly inquired the

names and uses of various pieces of furniture, into which Ella, without the shadow of a sneer, attempted to induct him.

After the survey was over, they all came back into the drawing-room, and Mrs. Daggett, establishing herself in one of the luxurious easy chairs, made her comments.

"Well, I declare, it almost takes my breath away; but yet, I don't know as I envy you, though I'm afraid it will put dreadful notions into my girls' heads," nodding and laughing towards her daughters. "Such a care as you must find it, Mrs. Spencer! It would be harder to me than my dairy at Berry Plains; but then I wasn't cut out for a fine lady."

"Berry Plains! Is that the name of the place where you now live?" asked Rusha. "How pretty it sounds!"

"I wish you'd come and see how pretty it looks, Rusha. It would do you a world of good to come out there and breathe the fine mountain air, and you should have a nice time, if it was under a plain old farm-house roof."

"Yes, do come, Rusha, dear, when the peaches are ripe," cried Lucy and Esther, simultaneously.

The country always had a charm for Rusha. "Perhaps I will," she added, "when we get through with the watering places."

Then the girls went into an enthusiastic description of all the picturesque points in the vicinity of "Berry Plains," and made all sorts of pretty plans, if Rusha could only be induced to visit them.

"Mayn't I come too, girls?" interposed Tom, who had listened to the vivacious descriptions with a good deal of enjoyment.

"Tell him that depends on how he will behave himself," suggested Rusha, which advice was at once merrily acted on.

But Rusha gave two-thirds of a promise to visit Berry Plains that summer, the invitation being afterwards enlarged to embrace the whole family."

"Well, one thing I must say," remarked little Mrs. Daggett, as she took her husband's arm after they had left the house, "there isn't a word of truth in all we've heard about the Spencers being so set up over their fortune; they take the comfort of it, and who wouldn't? but it hasn't changed their hearts and feelings one mite."

"That's a fact, Jane."

"But oh, pa—ma, wasn't it all splendid!" chimed in Lucy and Esther."

CHAPTER XII.

The season had reached its climacteric when the Spencers made their advent at Saratoga. Such a gay, bustling, rainbow-hued summer as they had had, full of changes, and new sights, and experiences, which had brought them new wisdom, mostly of this world.

They had led a giddy, butterfly sort of life at Newport, which the girls, especially Ella, had enjoyed vastly, and afterwards they went up to the White Mountains. Here there was a new revelation to Rusha. Brought face to face with the awful presence and glory of the mountains, everything else seemed to sink away from her thought and interest.

Her soul came up here to worship, and the eternal hills answered this girl. Their glory exalted, their calm strengthened her. The gay life at the hotels, in which Ella disported, could not persuade her away from the majesty and beauty outside. Up amongst the hollows that made dark green gashes through the heart of the mountains—in the deep, cool silences of the wilderness—through all rough and rugged paths, searching for new passages and delights of scenery—where some mountain spring seemed to make a glittering trail of bloom over the stones—on the bank of some small lake that lay, like a great white pearl, in its emerald casket, under old mighty trees whose life had been one eternal wrestling with storms, wandered Rusha Spencer, her face gathering into it every day some new light and calm, for the God after whom her soul went groping blindly was nearer to her up here in the awful stillnesses and glory of the mountains than He was down there in the giddy, feverish, crowded life of the hotels, where the rest of the family were absorbed in their varied aims of fashion and pleasure. Into what paltry and insignificant proportions these used to sink when she looked down on them from her heights among the mountains, just as the men and women did at their feet. Mrs. Spencer was satisfied with the views from the hotel windows, and an occasional ride with a party of other ladies to the most popular resorts, while Ella was too much occupied with her toilet and flirtations to have time for anything beyond little party expeditions where they all fluttered, and laughed, and sparkled in their gay dresses, and returned, bringing no sheaves with them. What had nature to give such people as these?

With her brothers it was somewhat different. Young men are always fond of expeditions, and it was not difficult to impress one of these

into Rusha's service for a morning's ramble, provided there was nothing of greater importance on hand.

The awful glory and burden of Niagara was Rusha's next vision. Perhaps the dissimilarity of their characters never discovered itself in sharper contrast than in the incidental remarks of the two sisters on that last night at the Falls.

"I am so glad that we have 'done' the White Mountains and Niagara, before we get to the Springs. We shall be able to *talk* about them now," remarked Ella, folding her laces complacently.

"I shan't," answered Rusha, curtly. "The Mountains and the Waters transcend all power of language in my thought."

So now the Spencers were at the United States, and it was the second morning of their advent, and the family were gathered in the sitting room after breakfast.

"Come, Ella," said Rusha, "let's go down and take a glass of Congress, and a stroll in the park. It's charming out there. The boys will go with us, too."

"This one can't," answered Andrew, twirling his cane, "for I've made an engagement to go over to the race grounds to-day. Splendid show of horse flesh there. Going along, Tom?"

"Can't sir, this morning. I'm committed for a game of billiards."

"Go it while you're young, I say," interposed Guy, whose advice seemed on this occasion entirely superfluous.

"I should think you were going it," added Mrs. Spencer, with that slightly querulous tone which her improved fortunes had not vanquished. "The way we're making money fly here beats me. I'm actually afraid to meet your father when he comes up, with these bills—why, they're awful!"

"Of course," interposed Ella, "one can't come to the Springs for nothing. Pa may as well make up his mind to that first as last, and we haven't had a thing that we could possibly do without."

"I s'pose," continued the mother, adjusting the elaborate coiffure which became her matronly face, "that he might have stood all the rest, but having the horses at the Springs will make such a horrible bill of expense"—

"Now, see here old lady," broke in Andrew, "there's no use in coming the economical dodge there. The governor must make up his mind to shell out on the horse flesh, for we can't get along without it."

"That's so," added Guy. "Don't Rufus put our span through at a splendid rate, though! Ain't afraid to compare those horses with any around, sir!"

"Ma," said Ella, with immense decision, "whatever else we give up, the horses isn't to be thought of. There's nothing *tells* at Saratoga like one's own private turnout."

"No, ma," subjoined Rusha, "there isn't really; we must keep the horses as long as we stay."

Mrs. Spencer, who in her own heart, felt a great deal of complacency over her elegant establishment, gave up the point; indeed, she had all this time no serious intention of relinquishing the carriage, although she thought the suggestion might possibly act as a wholesome restraint upon the tendencies to a very free use of money in her sons and daughters.

"And now, Rusha, that matter is settled, what are we to wear at the ball this evening! You know it is to be the most splendid affair of the season, and we haven't so much as our hair-dressers engaged!"

Rusha sank down into a chair, with her old annoyed look which there was danger would perpetuate itself in her fair face.

"It's nothing but dress, dress, dress, from morning until night; I'm sick of the very name!"

"Well, what in the world does one come to Saratoga for, I should like to know, except to dress and make a show? You can't expect to go mooning round as you did at the Mountains; and you know, Rusha, you think just as much of looking pretty as any of the rest of us."

"Of course I do; only I wish the process wasn't quite so formidable a one."

"Well, for my part I think the trouble pays."

"Well, I'm not certain. There's the difference."

"Ella thinks it pays," said Guy, whose personal comments were often a source of annoyance to his second sister, "when there's some smart young men round to be taken down, and there'll be lots of them to-night, you may depend!"

"I wonder if they will be cut and dried after the same pattern as those we've met already? If they are, she's welcome to them," said the elder sister, in, it must be confessed, not a very amiable tone.

"Rusha, how disagreeable you are this morning. I wonder what sort of man would suit you!"

"One, Ella, that a woman could look up to with respect, honor, reverence, if there are

any such men in the world, which I very much doubt."

"I think," said Ella, "that it would be just like our Rusha to fall in love in some romantic, absurd fashion, such as one reads of in a novel, but never expects to find outside of a book; to get smitten, for instance, with a wandering minstrel, whom she would fancy a grand hero, or something of that sort."

"If you mean by wandering minstrel some player on a hand-organ, I must say that I never felt particularly attracted towards those which have thus far crossed my experience," laughing in spite of herself.

"Well, I used that word merely for want of a better one. It would certainly be in keeping with the whole tone and tendency of your ideas to marry some singular, visionary, romantic character."

"I know a man who would suit Rusha, and he is neither singular, visionary, nor romantic," added Tom, getting up, and lounging towards the door.

"Who is he, Tom?" asked Rusha, with interest.

"I'll tell you some other time," and the boys went out together, one to the race course, the other to the billiard-room, the third, to use his own expression, "in quest of any fun that turned up." A most animated discussion ensued betwixt the trio of girls, for even Agnes was to attend the ball, and Rusha was soon as deeply absorbed as her sisters in laces and ribbons, and the varied paraphernalia which the evening festivities demanded.

In the course of the morning, however, a circumstance transpired which gave her a good deal of uneasiness. She was in her own room, searching among her trunks, when there was a tap at the door, and the girl entered.

"Here is a letter for you, Miss" —

Rusha lifted her head.

"Oh, I thought it was Miss Ella," and the girl would have withdrawn, evidently somewhat disconcerted.

"She has only gone out to match some ribbon. Give me the letter, Jane, and I will see that she has it on her return."

The girl hesitated.

"But Miss Ella said I must be sure to give it into her own hands."

"I'll be responsible, if there's any blame. Let me have it."

The letter was mailed from New York. The handwriting was not familiar; but all at once it flashed across Rusha, with the force of conviction, that this letter was from Derrick

Howe. It dropped from her hands on the table, almost as though it had burned her. Could it be that Ella was maintaining a surreptitious correspondence with this young man?

She recalled the suspicions which she had so easily laid to rest before they left home, and since that time Ella had had some foolish flirtation or coquetry constantly on hand, which made her sister fancy there was no danger of her concentrating her interest, for the present at least, on one individual.

Ella was extremely fond of admiration, and the showy, brilliant girl had certainly had attentions enough from gentlemen to stimulate vanity less active than hers.

Neither had Rusha been wanting in these, for, in a very different way, she was quite as attractive as her sister; and she was quite as susceptible to admiration, too; only she was too earnest ever to be a successful coquette. If people interested her, whether men or women, she was certain to show it; if they did not, she was not good at disguises.

"But could it be," she asked herself, "that her proud, wilful, imperious sister was really attracted towards this Derrick Howe? What a storm there would be if her father suspected it! The man had seemed from the beginning to be one of his aversions, and Rusha thought that of all the silly, perfumed, conceited coxcombs that followed in Ella's train, this man was to her the most disagreeable. Not that he was a fool certainly, but something in her repelled him. Still, other women did not think so—women of Ella's style. What should she do?"

While she was reflecting, Ella suddenly came in, and Rusha spoke—perhaps not very discreetly, but on the impulse of the moment—

"Ella, here is a letter which the girl brought in during your absence, and which I made her leave with me, quite reluctantly on her part. I see by the handwriting that it is from Derrick Howe. I am shocked to find that you will allow this when you know how it would vex pa."

"He asked me if he might write, and what could I tell him?" answered Ella, her face crimson, and annoyance and apology about equally distributed through her tones.

"I don't think it would be difficult for me to find an answer," replied her sister, with a great deal of severity.

"I suppose not; but you sympathize with pa's unjust dislike of Mr. Howe."

"Well, Ella, I would not have believed you

would have done anything so underhanded, for I know that this is not the first letter, and that you must have answered the others."

Ella did not deny it, as Rusha half hoped she would.

"Oh, Ella, Ella!"

There was dismay and grief in the elder sister's tone. It troubled or touched the younger.

"Now don't fret yourself, Rusha, about the matter. I'm not in love with Derrick Howe or any other man; and I've got plenty of strings to my bow, and mean to have for some time to come. I'll promise that I'll stop the correspondence at once, if you'll agree to keep silent this time."

"You will promise solemnly? Otherwise, Ella, it would be my duty to let pa know?"

That prospect was not agreeable. Whatever hold Derrick Howe had obtained on Ella, it was not strong enough, as Rusha saw, to defy her father's anger, and the latter fell back on the old fancy that, with Ella's nature, other interests would absorb this one.

So each sister gave her promise to the other. Whether Rusha had acted wisely, she lived to question; but that was when other events threw greater light upon this one.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE THANKFUL HEART.—If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the almost invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's hand is gold.

SELF-DENIAL.—It is a matter that cannot be too often considered, that real happiness, health, order, peace and bounty, depend on self-denial. If nature, in its wild state and wishes and indulgent sensualities, is to be humored, a dose of poison is brewing, a scourge for the fool's back is preparing—like drunkards who sit down in good humor to tittle, but soon proceed to black eyes. No man ever found a happy life by chance, or yawned it into being with a wish. Even the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent only take it by force.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

In the quiet nursery chambers,
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,
See the forms of little children,
Kneeling, white-robed, for their rest.
All in quiet nursery chambers,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

In the meadow and the mountain
Calmly shine the winter stars,
But across the glistening low-lands
Slant the moonlight's silver bars.
In the silence and the darkness,
Darkness growing still more deep,
Listen to the little children,
Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die"—so pray the children,
And the mother's head drops low;
(One, from out her fold, is sleeping
Deep beneath the winter's snow.)
"Take our souls:" and past the casement
Flits the gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of his garments
Walking evermore in white.

Little souls, that stand expectant,
Listening at the gates of life,
Hearing, far away, the murmur
Of the tumult and the strife;
We who fight beneath those banners,
Meeting ranks of foe-men there,
Find a deeper, broader meaning
In your simple vespere prayer.

When your hands shall grasp the standard
Which to-day you watch from far,
When your deeds shall shape the conflict
In this universal war,
Pray to him, the God of battles,
Whose strong eye can never sleep,
In the warring of temptation,
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
Clears the smoke from out the skies,
When, far down the purple distance,
All the noise of battle dies,
When the last night's solemn shadows
Settle dark on you and me,
May the love that never faileth
Take our souls eternally.

Springfield Republican.

When Mr. Chase was at Key West, he was served by an old negro, to whom he promised a carte de visite, and handed him a one dollar bill. "Ah!" says Sandie, "now I know you, massa; you is 'old Greenbacks.'"

LAY SERMONS.

IN DEED AND IN TRUTH.

BY AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

"My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth."

The silence which followed the enunciation of the text was more eloquent than human speech. A solemn hush fell upon the congregation. The better angel in the heart of each rose up in silent response to the divine entreaty.

"In deed and in truth, my brethren," again urged the deep, impressive voice which gave new meanings to old words, and breathed the breath of life into dead forms. A voice that passed the ear, and went down into the soul, and like a trumpet called together the forces of good and arrayed them against evil; a voice that lingered not in the outer court of the understanding, but penetrating to the inmost heart, kindled afresh the failing fires upon its sacrificial altars.

I cannot repeat to you the words of the discourse. They abide not in the memory, but in the heart, and can only be reproduced in deeds. Their power is not in matter but in spirit. Such words have immortal life.

I touched Grace's hand as we stood up to receive the benediction. She turned towards me, her pure soft eyes shining like holy fires through the silver spray of tears, her whole face luminous with the flame of heavenly love, and her hand, as she bowed her dear head for the blessing, answered mine with heart-thrilling pressure.

I knew how she had come. Weary, disheartened, life-sick. "I am tired of it all," she sighed, bitterly, as we walked together that morning, towards the temple builded to our God, "tired of it all. Life is a foil and a cheat. It is not good. Nothing is good but rest—eternal rest, and never-ending sleep. Even here," she said, as her feet touched the church steps, "even here is emptiness and vanity. The worship is without spirit or life; it is false, forced, hypocritical. I wish I had not come. I shall feel, as I look around on the dead, inane faces, and hear the listless, wandering responses, and mark the vacant stare, the constrained attitudes, the meaningless gestures of the automaton-like figure in the desk, speaking words that are 'clouds without water, carried about of winds'—more than ever I shall feel that we are praying to some heathen divinity, some deaf, dumb, blind, unheeding, and unanswering god of wood or clay. It is mockery. Must praise to the Infinite Creator and Preserver be ground out in this dull, dead, mechanical fashion. Is there nothing better than this?"

Weary, unsatisfied heart! There is something

better. This is not praise, but a preparation for praise. On His holy day, God sends His anointed messengers to strengthen and make ready our hearts for the true worship. For not with bowed heads, nor with bended knees, nor with acclaiming voices do we praise Him, but with hands to the work which He has given us to do.

Grace found the long dead services suddenly electrified by a living soul. It was no spiritless automaton that stood up in the sacred temple that morning, virtually asserting by the act a right to hold the highest office which man can fill to man—that of teacher, and expounded of the mysteries of God. No pitiful time-server he, no base, cringing hireling, preaching the Gospel of Christ to the highest bidders—handling the Word of Truth daintily with gloved hands, and rebuking sin softly, deprecatingly, lest he should too violently disturb the gross spiritual states of those whose "carnal things" he was reaping; not such an one; but a bold, brave, honest soul, "sent of God to bear witness of the light;" a true apostle, ordained by the laying on of angelic hands to minister to the spiritual needs of his brethren; preaching the Gospel because the necessity was laid upon him; crying with Paul, "We is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." No unskilled novitiate in the great truths of life, no gloomy ascetic, frowning on innocent delights; but a man with a human heart in his breast, thrilling with warm, loving sympathies and kindly affections for all God's creatures; full of tenderest pity for the afflicted, and broadest charity for the straying; for he knew himself mortal! with weaknesses and infirmities which might plunge him at any time into error, and had learned in his battle against besieging temptations that only in the Divine strength is any human soul strong.

Rarest quality of all, and therefore last in the enumeration, he spoke by virtue of having something to say; and his words, chosen for strength, significance, and fitness, like arrows shot from the bow of a skillful archer, went straight to the mark with telling effect.

Fell the benediction, soothing and sweet, "Now may the peace of God which passeth understanding rest with you all, my beloved. Amen."

And the shining glory faded not from Grace's face as she floated down the aisle, and through the vestibule, and out upon the steps, where crouched, like Lazarus at the rich man's gate, one on whom men look with evil eye, and from whom women draw away their garments, and with scorn and loathing pass by upon the other side. When the wretched one looked up and saw the heavenly light

burning in my darling's face, she crept unconsciously near, and a great hunger came into her wild eyes, the hunger of the defrauded good spirit within her, which, stupefied by strong poison, had almost ceased to struggle in the tightening folds of the serpent of evil, daring only now and then to assert itself as it had done that morning, impelling her feet to the church door, where, with the humility of the Syrophenician woman, she asked not to partake with the children of the Kingdom, but only to eat of the crumbs which fell from the Master's table.

Closer to the child of innocence and purity crept the wretched daughter of sin and shame, moved by the same impulse which drew her that was a sinner into the house where Jesus sat at meat, that bore her weeping to His feet, reverently kissing them, sorrowfully washing them with her tears, tenderly wiping them with her hair, devoutly anointing them with precious ointment. But when Gracie, with tender charity and compassion, would have stretched out her hand to the outcast, in the pardoning spirit of Him who said, "Her sins which are many are forgiven," the Pharisaical crowd that "shut up the kingdom of Heaven against men" surged through the church doors, and Magdalene, with her seven devils, fled from the house of God unblest. And in the cold, suspicious faces, turned in astonishment towards Grace, spoke that same doubt which Simon whispered to himself when he saw that the Lord rebuked not the penitent and grieving sinner.

So we walked away under the soft, peaceful sunshine of that Sabbath, which was like a green oasis dropped in the burning sands of life for the refreshment and strengthening of tired travellers. Then dawned the week's struggle with its heart-toll and soul-sweat; then spoke the inexorable Voice, Go forward; then moved the flaming finger of God to one of the numbers that mark the great dial of eternity, Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work. Vain it is to plead, yet a little more rest, a little more strength, a little more folding of the hands in prayer, for so the season of labor passes, and the grapes in the Master's vineyard are un-gathered, and the wine-press is untrodden, and dreary and dark comes down the night when none can work.

But in toll there is weariness of spirit and of flesh. The result seems never proportionate to the effort. We are small and weak—what can we do? We are fresh and untried—what can we know? The field is so vast, and our mite of work is but a drop in the great ocean.

So doubt and despondency, twin-sisters with twilight faces, creep into our hearts, and the Divine Hand slips from our clasp, and our guiding lights grow dim or vanish, or lead whither we would not follow. And the saddest thing of all is to find strength failing in the hour that it is needed. In the silent passage of the night, and in the calm re-

pose of the morning, before the withering heats of temptation are come, we may picture ourselves moving with a still, heroic patience, through the fiery ordeals that await us farther on; but—God's pity!—when the trial comes, the hero spirit is wanting, and we shuffle through the battle in a weak, bewildered way, the remembrance of which brings a hot flush to our cheeks when we lie wounded and discomfited upon the other side, sighing drearily.

Well, it is gotten over somehow—in a miserable, blundering fashion, it is gotten over, but not as we had hoped, and oh! not as we could wish to do again.

And Gracie—dear heart, was only human, and the week's turmoil and fret brought her down from the glorified heights, where she sat serene and holy on the restful Sabbath.

Three days later, when Magdalene at the street crossing peered into the face that had dawned on her like an angel's at the church door, she found it veiled in shadows, and its loveliness marred by a flicker of scorn, and a frown of impatience that stirred up the slumbering evil of the erring woman's nature. The lines hardened about her mouth, and a wicked gleam came into her eyes, as if the walling spirit of good, wearied with its outlook for help, had swooned in the serpent's embrace, moaning plaintively, "Crush me and kill me, for there are none to save."

As she turned away, I pressed Grace's arm. "In deed and in truth, Gracie."

Her face flushed quickly, and its scornful expression faded. "But she is lost," she said, doubtfully, and moved slowly on.

"Oh, no, not lost, or we had not seen her, with that wistful, sorrowing look in her face, standing upon the church steps."

One moment's hesitation, one brief instant in which to gather strength and courage to act, and then Grace, with rapid movements, crossed over to Magdalene's side, and with hand resting upon her shoulder, walked with her down the street, talking earnestly and kindly, with eyes bent compassionately upon the dark face, with its wretched tracery of sin.

And of what did she talk? Dear wordy reformer, not of her companion's spiritual condition, but as that was. Gracie's charity was of a practical kind. It would have been an easy matter to say—"Magdalene, I love your soul, and want it saved, and I shall miss no opportunity to warn you that the path you are treading leads by the shortest way straight down to perdition, and if you do not get your feet out of it right speedily, you will be eternally lost."

Easy words to say, and true enough, but not very helpful, after all. How is Magdalene to get her feet out of the path, the dangers of which you have so kindly volunteered to warn her?

"Get some honest, respectable calling, Magdalene," you urge, with strange inconsistency, when

you know that outraged respectability slams its doors virtuously in her face, and will not so much as lift its finger to protect her from the evils which lie in wait to devour her, but puts out its arm of strength and pushes her indignantly off of its immaculate doorstep into the night and terrors of temptation.

In deed and in truth, dear brethren, Apostle James asks pointedly—"If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them—"Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?"

Your love for Magdalene's soul would have a more practical value if you said to her as Grace said—"This is not the life for you, my poor girl, you are formed for something better. Come with me. You may be a useful woman in the world, and the world needs you. Come, it is not too late to begin a new life, oh, Magdalene. The Lord of the Vineyard calls in his laborers till the eleventh hour. Come, I have need of you; I will give you work which shall place you beyond the reach of temptation from without, and in the uses of a virtuous life you shall put far from you all sinful desires and unholy practices."

Magdalene lodged that night in the guest chamber at Heath Cottage. When the door swung open and the breath of freshly-gathered lilies stole out to meet her, and she saw the flow of snowy drapery within and the gleam of saintly pictures on the pure white walls, she drew back her unhalloved feet, and sprang from entering; but Gracie with gentle force brought her in, saying only, "Hereafter, you will live so purely that these things shall seem meet for you."

Tender was Gracie's voice, reading the sweetest of Christ's parables; fervent and simple was her prayer murmured, kneeling at the penitent's side; full of blessing was her good-night, gently spoken at the door; soft the fall of her retreating feet, echoing down the stair, and Madeline sat alone with her thoughts.

"But how could a pure, innocent woman like Gracie put out her hand and voluntarily draw so vile a creature into the sacred precincts of her home?"

My dear lady, I appreciate the feeling which prompts your question, and I feel a sympathetic shudder going over me; but there is something in your conduct which puzzles me vastly more than this act of Gracie's, and I am tempted in this side bit of confidence to put my amazement into words.

I can understand why you sweep swiftly and shudderingly past Magdalene, and cannot endure that even the hem of your robe should touch her; but I cannot so easily comprehend why you receive in the guest room of your house Magdalene's partner in infamy, lavishing on him your sweetest smiles, singing for him your tenderest songs, giving him your hand to hold at parting, drooping your eyes coyly under his bold, admiring gaze. I

cannot understand, dear lady, why the stronger sinner should be pardoned and the weaker one condemned.

Let no one suppose that Magdalene's devils were cast out by one act of kindness. Let no one imagine that the serpent of evil, brought within the sphere of good, straightened at once in the agonies of death, and let its tortured victim go forevermore free.

Let no one think that the trembling spirit, well nigh strangled in the serpent's deathly coils, rose up suddenly with a giant's strength, and marched under triumphal banners straight into the kingdom of heaven. Ah, poor spirit, fearful and weak, it walked feebly at first, with slow, tottering steps, failing often by the way, and failing utterly, but for love's strong, vivifying presence, and love's kind ministering hands. But it learned to lean on the Divine Arm at last, and so was gathered finally into the broad fold of the Good Shepherd that "giveth His life for the sheep."

Of a Sabbath Magdalene sits no more on the church stones, catching eagerly the crumbs of heavenly manna swept to her from the open door; but, with feet cleansed from all impurities, she walks humbly into the sanctuary, and unrebuked sits down to the feast, side by side with the heirs of the crown.

Of a Sabbath Gracie goes no more to the temple of God, sighing wearily, "Life is not good," for she has found in use a remedy for all its ills, a balm for all its pains, and has softened and sweetened its cruel asperities with that charity which never faileth, hallowed and sanctified it wholly with that spirit of love which is not in word or in tongue, but in deed and in truth.

ORIGIN OF THE "MISSIONARY HYMN."

Bishop Heber, then rector of Hodvet, married the daughter of Dean Shepley, rector of Wrenham, in North Wales. On a certain Saturday he came to the house of his father-in-law to remain over Sunday, and preach in the morning the first sermon ever preached in that church for the Church Missionary Society. As they sat conversing after dinner in the evening, the Dean said to Heber, "Now, as you are a poet, suppose you write a hymn for the service to-morrow morning." Immediately he took the pen, ink and paper, and wrote the hymn,

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"

which, had he written nothing else, would have immortalized him. He read it to the Dean, and said, "Will that do?" "Ay," he replied, "and we will have it printed and distributed in the pews, that the people may sing it after the sermon. "But," said Heber, "to what tune will it go?" "Oh," he added, "it will go to 'Twas when the seas were roaring.'" And so he wrote in the corner, at the top of the page, 'Twas when the seas were roaring.' The hymn was printed accordingly.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF CHRISTOPH VON SCHMID.

Minna was a very good-natured, benevolent little girl. She was very willing to share with others everything she had. She prepared garments for poor children, she made nice dishes for the poor sick, and often carried them to their destination herself. It gave her real pleasure to be able to relieve suffering with her pocket-money. Now it will hardly be believed that in spite of all her kind-heartedness, she gave cause of sorrow to many a good person, for she was—very forgetful. She made many a promise which by the next day she had forgotten entirely. She often thoughtlessly bought some article for which she had no use, then when help was besought by the needy, would first remember how much good she might have done with the money she had wasted. Sometimes she would forget to water the flowers before the window of the great salon of the castle, and they would wither and die, to the great distress of her mother, who had placed them in her charge; sometimes she who would not intentionally harm one of the meanest of God's creatures, would let her canary bird almost starve to death because she had forgotten to give him food.

In a village not far from Minna's castle lived a poor little girl named Sophie. Her father, Captain Von Brühl, a very honorable, worthy man, was incapacitated from service from the effects of his wounds and now lived upon his pension. He had retired to the country, hoping there to be able to live more economically, but even thus his slender income would hardly cover the necessities of life. Besides, he received his pension very irregularly, and at the time of our story he had drawn nothing for several months.

Sophie, his only daughter supported him in the meantime with her sewing, embroidery and other feminine accomplishments. Minna had a high regard for the noble girl, she ordered a great deal of work from her, took lessons of her in embroidery, of which Sophie was mistress, paid her liberally, and never called her anything but her dear friend. But even this friend was many times grieved by Minna's forgetfulness.

Once Minna's mother was dangerously ill. A celebrated physician from a distant city was sent for. Minna had promised Sophie to take this opportunity to ask him to visit her father, who still suffered so much from his old wounds. As soon as Sophie had heard of the doctor's arrival, she hastened to the castle to remind Minna of her promise; but when she reached there he had been gone about an hour. As Sophie entered the room,

Minna remembered her promise for the first time. She was much shocked at herself, begged Sophie's pardon, and shed tears of sympathy for the poor invalid; but it was too late to call the stranger back.

Another time Minna wished to embroider, with Sophie's assistance, a lamp-screen for a birth-day present for her mother. She brought Sophie a pattern representing a wreath of flowers of surpassing beauty. Sophie said, "We shall succeed admirably with the wreath, but I must go into the city myself to buy silk, for in order to match the exact color of the flowers and all the delicate shadings, the silk must be chosen very carefully."

"It certainly would be the best," said Minna, "if you, dearest friend, would be willing to take this trouble. Whilst you are gone, I will prepare a dinner for your father and carry it to him myself."

So Sophie depended upon Minna's promise, and went into the city. Most unexpectedly some visitors of rank arrived at the castle, and Minna, her whole mind filled with the pleasure and bustle consequent upon the visit, no longer thought of her promise. The sick captain could not go out, and as the village people were busied in the hay-field, he could not call upon a neighbor, so whilst all in the castle were living in luxury, he must content himself with bread and water instead of the promised noon-day meal.

The following morning, Minna went to walk in the village with the two young ladies. Sophie was just then engaged in sprinkling a piece of linen which she had spun herself in the long winter evenings, and had now stretched out to bleach on the grass plot between her house and the creek. Minna started at the sight of Sophie, for then her promise came to her mind. Sophie was too discreet to reproach the conscience-stricken girl in the presence of the strangers. Still she wished in some way to remind her that for the future she must not be so forgetful.

Sophie invited all three young ladies to visit her garden. They went, and greatly admired the blooming rose-tree which Sophie had planted, and the forget-me-not which grew wild along the creek. She then led them to her neat sitting-room, and at Minna's request showed them her work. Whilst the young ladies examined the embroidery and wondered over it, Sophie went into the garden to gather a little souvenir of flowers. She gave each of the strangers a rose, but to the forgetful Minna a spray of forget-me-nots, to which she had only added a few fragrant green leaves. Minna well understood what was meant by this. She felt the

tender forbearance of Sophie's behaviour, and thanked her from the bottom of her heart for having reproved her forgetfulness in so delicate a way. "Indeed you well know what flowers best suit me," she said, and blushing placed the spray on her bosom.

Minna went back to the castle with the two young ladies and accompanied them to their room. They all put their flowers in a glass of water which stood in a corner of the window. Several weeks after, Minna went by chance into the room. The two young ladies had taken their roses with them, but Minna had forgotten her forget-me-nots. All the fragrant leaves in the bouquet were withered, but the forget-me-not flowers were as clear a blue, and the tender green leaves as fresh and beautiful as though they had just been gathered from the brook. Minna wondered at this. "How is it possible?" said she, "for there is not a drop of water now in the glass, and the other leaves of the bouquet look so faded and yellow?" She examined the flowers more closely, and behold they were not natural forget-me-nots. Sophie, who was extraordinarily skilful in cutting out small flowers, had made them. Color and form were so true to nature that one could not but take these artificial flowers for natural ones.

"Oh, you dear good Sophie!" thought Minna, "you are indeed right! I understand your meaning. Yes, I do need a lasting reminder. These unfading flowers shall ever say to me, 'forget-me-not! Yes, my own true friend I will never again forget you. From this hour I will use these flowers to remind me of my duty!'"

She took the little flowers from out the faded leaves, and placed them in a pretty little, neatly carved, gilt vase, which was used expressly for little bouquets of artificial flowers. Then she hastened to Sophie, thanked her for her ingenious reproof, and praised her skilful work. "Whenever I promise anything in future," said she, "I will lay these lovely flowers on my work-table or piano, and there they shall lay until the promise is fulfilled."

"Bravo! bravo!" said the captain. "Only do as you say. Whenever I want especially to remember anything, I put a little piece of paper in my snuff box; my sergeant used to tie a knot in his pocket-handkerchief. For a lady, though, there could be no finer token than a flower. It is a beautiful idea to choose the loveliest flower of the plain as a token of friendly remembrance, and give it the name of forget-me-not. But to make use of the lovely flower to remind us of the duties of our daily life, particularly of the holy duty of charity, is still more beautiful! That was a happy thought; it pleases me very much!"

Minna kept her word; the pure forget-me-nots furnished her and many poor people with the greatest blessings. Many a poor invalid whom Minna would formerly have forgotten, had the little flowers to go thank for a strengthening broth, a flask of good

wine, or a piece of money. Many a task which heretofore would have been neglected was now punctually executed—and thus Minna spared herself much trouble, many pangs of conscience, and many an unpleasantness.

Minna's mother soon noticed how very much she had improved. "How is this?" said she, "you do not forget the least trifle any more. How has this happened?"

Minna related the history of the forget-me-not flowers, to her mother's great joy. "You are good children," said she, "I will take care to give you a reward." So she gave orders to a jeweller in the city to make two rings of the purest gold; and on each ring a forget-me-not, formed entirely of precious stones—five sky-blue sapphires, and a clear diamond in the centre.

When the rings came home, she gave one of them to the much improved Minna. "Use this ring," said she, "as you have done the flowers. If you have made a promise to any one, or have an important task to perform, put on this ring and wear it until you have kept your word or performed your task. Carry this other ring to your dear friend Sophie, the delicate manner in which she reproved you deserves a little return. The sweet forget-me-not she gave you is a more precious gift than this ring of gold and precious stones."

Minna hastened to Sophie at once with the ring. "You certainly have no need to wear such a ring!" said Minna, "you never forget the smallest duty. Wear this ring, however, as a souvenir of a friend to whom through this flower you have done the greatest service."

"Oh, my dear friend," said Sophie, "who does not need to be reminded of his duties! As often as we look on these costly rings, we will try to do some good; if it is in our power we will try to relieve a poor person, or give pleasure to some deserving being." They shook hands upon this.

"That is right, little children!" said the captain; "and whoever is not able to wear such rings can at least form the resolution, as often as he sees a forget-me-not by a brook or in a meadow, to do some good. Above all things, though, at the sight of the pure little flower let every one think of Him who made it, and of whom every flower should remind us. Then every forget-me-not on the plain will have a greater value for him than if the whole plant were made of gold and every flower leaf a precious stone."

The affair of the forget-me-not had yet another good result. When winter drew near, and the beautiful lawn of the castle was covered over white with the frost, and the wind whistled around the castle, Minna and her mother journeyed back to the Residence. The forget-me-not ring found great approval with Minna's friends and their mothers. It became quite fashionable to wear such rings. The story which prompted the giving of the rings soon became known everywhere, even at court. The brave old captain, who was known and esteemed

by the Prince, was brought to the latter's mind by the forget-me-not. The paymaster who had forgotten to remit the pension at the proper time, received a reproof, which was a very grave forget-me-not for him. The kind Prince, however, gave orders for a considerable increase of income to the brave captain, whose needy condition was now first known—and the honest old soldier often said, "How many benefits has God granted to me and others through a forget-me-not."

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON THE TEETH.

No. 7.

BY HENRY S. CHASE, M. D.

DISEASES OF THE TEETH.

The most common painful affection of the teeth is simple toothache, proceeding from an exposure of the nerve, or nervous pulp, to the air, or to the irritating substances which have been forced into the cavity of decay. Now there are thousands of persons who, immediately on being subjected to a fit of the toothache, go to a dentist or physician and have the offending member removed. On the other hand there are tens of thousands who, under like circumstances, "grin and bear it," week after week, and month after month, until the tooth is entirely destroyed by decay, and has finally commenced an ulcerating process, which frightens them, and as a last resort, the roots are removed.

Those who apply for immediate extraction act more wisely than those who defer it. Yet both are in the wrong.

It is your duty, and my duty, and everybody's duty to save their natural teeth.

The teeth are a great blessing which the good CREATOR has given us! Shall we despise it? Some people seem to think them a great curse. They are a curse or a blessing as you choose to make them. Is your right arm a curse to you merely because it is affected by a curable disease.

What should we say of that person who should demand amputation of a limb, merely because it was affected by a disease easily cured, and which had become so diseased by his own neglect or carelessness? And should we not justly consider him insane to urge as a reason, that artificial arms were as good, and not subject to pain?

But just in this way thousands talk and act. What folly! I raise my voice in utter condemnation of the prevailing rage for artificial teeth. People rush in crowds to the dental rooms and having their teeth out by wholesale, get new ones replaced on the same extensive scale.

It is proper to have artificial substitutes when necessary, but it is not right, it is wicked to purposely create that necessity, by neglecting to preserve the natural organs.

But I digress. I shall have something to say of artificial teeth in a future lecture.

Many people suppose there is no hope for a tooth after it aches. But there is. The majority of teeth can be saved in this condition. Some dentists will discourage you from attempting it. Just leave such an one; he knows his own failures; and go to one who does have success in the treatment of such teeth. When you find your man, put yourself completely

under his treatment; follow his advice, and then hold him responsible.

It will be necessary for you to have the pulp destroyed, and removed from the tooth; also the blood vessels in the roots removed; after which there will be some days of treatment, such as syringing the dental cavity, and introducing medicinal substances for the prevention of further disease. After this it can be plugged, sometimes temporarily when there is suspicion of a necessity for further treatment, or permanently when confidence is felt "that all is well." Sometimes this treatment fails and the tooth ulcerates; a gum-boil ensues. In a majority of cases there will be perfect success. But some failures will occur, owing to a constitutional taint which lowers the vital powers; or to a careless and slovenly operation.

ULCERATING TEETH. GUM-BOILS.

This is a disease of the periosteum, a thin white skin which surrounds the root and joins it to the bony socket in which the tooth rests. The affection originates, generally, by the irritation produced in this membrane by the decomposition of a dead pulp left in the tooth, and the vessels of the roots. It commences with a slight soreness, which may increase until the tooth is very painful to the touch, accompanied with swelling of the face and gums. These symptoms may all subside and the tooth become easy again, or it may continue, until about the third day, with increased severity of symptoms, when a discharge of purulent matter takes place through the gums, forming what is commonly termed a gum-boil. The tooth may or may not have been plugged. Whether it has or not this disease is not a sufficient cause for extraction. Formerly such teeth were thought to be past hope, and extraction considered the only remedy. Now all well educated dentists expect to cure them, by careful and patient treatment. As I have said before, if you consult your dentist on this subject and he gives you no encouragement; if he says such cures are not common, leave him, and find a man who has kept up with the advancement of his profession. Trust him, and don't give up and be discouraged until he is. In most cases, the experiment will be successful, and you will have the satisfaction of retaining your own natural teeth.

The majority of people look upon dentists as only mechanics, and think medical knowledge unnecessary for the preservation of the teeth. The sooner the mind is disabused of this great error the better for the community. I make the assertion without fear of refutation, that no dentist can be master of his profession, without an intimate knowledge of anatomy, physiology, pathology and therapeutics. This is very rarely acquired excepting in a medical or dental college.

In the treatment of diseased teeth constitutional

remedies are often necessary to be administered; and how shall a dentist know when it is required, or what remedies to give, unless he has a sufficient degree of medical education. When the public demand a higher degree of skill in this department it will be forthcoming.

The dental colleges of our land are doing a great good in this respect, and to sustain them in their efforts of regeneration, the public should demand of every dental practitioner an exhibition of his Diploma.

IOWA CITY, IOWA.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

WHERE IS THE MOST COMFORT.

The present number of the magazine will doubtless find the city members of the "Circle" absent from their homes, some serenely enjoying all the comforts which the grassy districts afford, others whirling in the giddy revelries which mark the "opening seasons" at Niagara or Saratoga, while others still have sought the fresh breezes of the sea-shore, and are amphibiously seeking for health and happiness. As for the editorial quill of the "Circle," it has set up a theory which by practice it is resolved to sustain—viz: that a resident of the city can find more real comfort in his own house in town during the summer months, than it is possible to secure at the ordinary country boarding-houses, or at the fashionable watering places.

Every person to whom this assertion has been privately made has at once assumed a most incredulous air, looked hard into our eyes as if to assure himself of our sanity, smiled pityingly, and passed on to find enjoyment in the old prescribed forms of pleasure seekers.

If you have a country house of your own, with delightfully cool matting on the floors, mosquito nets at the windows, fresh flowers in the parlor vases, and devoted servants to whom church privileges are no consideration so that they are allowed to be near you and to minister to your wants, seek the sylvan retreat early as possible, and bury yourself there until the chill winter winds whistle through the insect bars, wither the flowers, and chill your domestic affections; or (if, like John Godfrey's sordid adviser, you "carry gold in your pocket or brass in your face,") you may confer the favor of your society upon some good-natured country cousins, to whom the honor of your presence will be sufficient compensation for fresh butter, luscious peaches, rich cream, and sweet home-made bread—and whom upon your departure you may invite in return to spend next Fourth of July with you in the city, at which time they will be most busily engaged in harvesting, and least likely to avail themselves of your kind invitation; but if, on the contrary, you like ourselves belong to the large class of town residents who have no accommodating rural relatives, and outside of the city no prospect of securing happiness except such as is attainable in hotels and boarding-houses, take our advice, most disinterestedly given, and spend your vacation in the quiet seclusion of the four brick walls of your own home. There shut yourself up like an oyster and only venture from your shell during the cool hours of the day. Air your house in the morning, and then close the shutters until evening. Provide yourself with a quantity of entertaining books—lemons and ice. Then you can think, rest, and dream.

Bring a few flowers home from market to place

upon your table, set the hydrant flowing in the back yard, take Irving in your hand and imagine yourself a prince among the rich parterres and sparkling fountains of the old Alhambra, or lose yourself in Scott and fancy as you read that you are a Fitz James, and that you can hear the water plashing on the beach of "Ellen's Isle." After all, what is hum-drum reality compared to the gorgeous creations of fancy, "restoring every rose and secreting each thorn." You imagine yourself reclining in the thick, untragedious shade of the forest—sweet birds making delightful music over your head, a tiny brooklet murmuring at your feet. You are oblivious of the millions of mosquitoes always infesting such localities probing you at every tender spot, and literally drinking deeper of enjoyment than were possible for you. Reveling in your bath-tub you may fancy yourself a Triton amidst ocean waves, with the delightful consciousness that you need tread no blistering sand when you emerge from the cooling element, and that there are no lurking crabs to destroy the serenity of your enjoyment. Truly it would take many poets to exhaust the "pleasures of the imagination."

But there are two considerations, in favor of our plan, which are eminently practical and deserving of especial commendation. You will find at the close of your vacation that you have saved not only your money, which is of comparatively little value, but your temper, which is of far more importance.

You will not have added much to your worldly experience, or have made the acquaintance of this year's pets in society, or paid your devoirs at the shrine of the latest belle, but neither will you have been reduced to a comfortable piece of baked meat under the tin roof of a country hotel, or engendered a fever and worn out your patience in pursuit of unsatisfactory pleasure.

What more uncomfortable and positively disagreeable than summer travel? Whirling along at the rate of twenty miles an hour over a sandy road, in a crowded car, compelled either to endure the scorching rays of the hot sun upon your back or to raise the wooden shutter, to the exclusion of both light and air. Obligated to swallow the clouds of dust flying through the open window, or in a close car to breathe the air passing through the lungs of sixty fellow passengers and sufferers like yourself; if you are a man, obliged to hold a bundle, a baby, or a lap dog for a substantial old lady, or resign your seat in deference to the sex; if you are a woman, assigned by fate to a seat with a very polite gentleman whose breath is suspicious of whisky, who at first is unpleasantly solicitous for your welfare, but who after the first mile sinks into insensibility and makes you nervously apprehensive at every sudden stoppage of the train, lest he shall cast himself bodily into your arms—all

these things are barely endurable in cool wintry weather—with the thermometer at ninety-six degrees they are simply intolerable.

We have already heard from some of our friends, the pleasure-seekers. In our cool dark rooms we read their letters, and selfishly congratulate ourselves that we are independent of hotels and railroad cars, that our streets have all one shady side, and that we are even relieved from the tedium of walking by accommodating street cars.

MOUNTAIN NOTES.

July, 1865.

"Are you building air castles, or watching the mist upon the mountains?" asks my friend, looking up from her letter-writing to remark my wandering gaze.

Both, perhaps; one cannot dip into vacancy without drawing up thoughts like waves or foam, as the case may be. The sultry fogs of the past day or two are rapidly dissolving in sheets of rain; the "low-hung clouds" promise a succession of showers, and disappointed pleasure-seekers betake themselves to sorting worsteds and studying the intricacies of crocheting. "There is nothing to be seen" but the chain of mountains circling the horizon with bands of blue and purple, and upon that dark background the exquisite play of vapors that rise and fall, curving and winding in capricious grace, light as a breath, and silvery as incense stealing upwards from some vast, hidden censer. Are not some of the most soothing and pleasant associations of life linked with the memory of rainy days? They are drawn as a soft veil over the blinding brightness of too much sunshine; they have a musical cadence and character of their own, and like twilight, which brings to a peaceful close the longest summer hours, they suggest the darker shadows and deeper rest to come. Already the orchard trees and grass are looking fresher for their sudden baptism, and below the hill, which conceals it from view, the mill-stream dashes fitfully on over mossy stones and beneath the rustic bridge; while this same precipitous hill, ascending once more from the valley, winds its weary way till lost far up amid the vapors.

Again my eyes wander to those snowy streams pouring down the purple ridges, crowning the highest peaks with spires and pinnacles of the real fairy land. From their silver walls what faces lean, with smiles of mocking sweetness, beckoning you into the realms of air. Leave the hard realities over whose perplexed meaning the soul vision grows dim; the granite hills may symbolize all truth—calm and eternal; let us float with the current whose gracious illusion overlies all mystery; let us dream and dream to-day and to-morrow—we shall awaken, for the mists will vanish, and the flinty rocks remain!

It is amusing to observe the sudden intimacies evolved by the social need of a rainy day. Shut within door, and forced to depend upon each other for amusement, even the less friendly elements of our circle mingle harmoniously. Checkers and dominoes, needle-work and magazines, are discussed with nods and smiles, and careless chat takes the place of cold civilities extended but yesterday. Happiness is sufficient to itself; misery likes company.

The germ of confidence is rapidly developed, and the secret drawers and closets of the mind open spontaneously, as those repositories of thrifty housewives are supposed to do, when a storm gives opportunity for re-arrangement. In the broad, revealing light of a clear sun, one is warned to prudence; in the recesses of a rain-darkened room the fear of man

vanishes, and bits of personal history, romance, tragedy and comedy are drawn forth from their concealment and handed over to the inspection of another. From the ripple of such fragmentary talk there came to my ear a strain of "romance in real life." Shall I share it with you, reader?

Many years ago, among these New Hampshire hills, there was a pair of lovers; the *only* pair in which they, doubtless, were at all interested. Preparations for the wedding were on foot, when suddenly the mother of the bride sickened and died. An indefinite postponement of the marriage was thus occasioned; and as time passed on, the surviving parent became hopelessly feeble and dependent upon his only child. She, as became a dutiful daughter, devoted herself to him, and when her lover urged her uniting herself with him, she decided sadly, but firmly, that duty called her to remain in the old home, encumbered by no new ties. Disheartened, and convinced that entreaties were in vain, the lover went out to make for himself a new life; the woman remained to take up the old existence, shorn of its brightness; so the inevitable years crept by. In his Western home, our hero learned after patient waiting for a weary while, that the object of his devotion, released by the death of her father, had married; and, it may be, slightly indignant at his own folly and her faithlessness, immediately secured a wife, removed to New York, and became connected with the editorial staff of a leading newspaper.

But rumors are sometimes incorrect; the lady did not marry, but gave her energies to the work of teaching, and was highly esteemed and beloved in the city where she resided. Fifteen years after the rupture of his first engagement, the gentleman, then a widower, revisited, for business purposes, the vicinity of the lady's home, and upon inquiring of a friend as to her matrimonial relations, learned the true history of that patient life. Next day the two, long separated, met and renewed their former vows, and three days after the mythic bridal bells might have rung a silver pean where they were made one.

The moral which this veritable history bears upon its face, she who runs may read; for oh, my sisters, would any but a brave, unselfish spirit so have striven and conquered? Character writes itself upon the face; not in waning beauty, in fading lip and eye, but in the lines which peevishness, and restlessness, and self-seeking must grave too deeply, or in the mien and glance which bespeak the influence of the sweetest beatitude. "Blessed are the pure in heart."

But to return from my digression. It would seem that the effect of mountain scenery upon character must be to develop strength, and truth, and simplicity. There is no tedious sameness of aspect, for as to-day, they have caught the secret of the rain, and woven for themselves new spells of beauty; they are forever changing, yet impressing the sense of their individuality upon any observer.

The sea is fascinating, but it fills you with its vast unrest; with the dash of its briny spray, it flings upon you a share of its yearning; one is sad without knowing why when chained by the shore, listening the undertone which thrills through its rollicking laughter. A weary and sin-stained, though a kingly soul, has this same ocean; the pearls dissolved in his daily libation are human souls; why should he not strive and moan beneath the intolerable burden?

But if you sigh for rest, come to these green hills in whose shadow it abides; these winds blow towards you no discord, but the harmonies of Heaven. Flagging energies are here quickened, lost faith rekindled,

and returning to the work-day world, you shall carry to its busy mart a purified spirit.

The day is done; the rain-clouds are drifting apart, and the new moon, like a forgotten atom, hangs tremulously in space. Good-night. C. M. F.

HELP YOUR FATHER.

The following from the Country Gentleman comes fitly into our *Home Circle*.

"My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said Farmer Wilber, as he sat down to "figure out" some accounts that were getting behindhand.

"Could I help you, father?" said Lucy, laying down her bright crochet work. "I should be glad to, if I only knew what you wish written."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you could, Lucy," he said, reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?"

"It would be a fine story if I did not know something of them after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a powerful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master-hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier, as I can see, since I put on specs."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long, dull line of figures, leaving the gay worsted work to lie idle all the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other dear ones, sitting so cosily in his easy chair, enjoying his weekly paper as it only can be enjoyed in a country home, where news from the great world beyond comes seldom, and is eagerly sought for.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "Thank you, daughter, a thousand times," took away all sense of weariness.

"It's rather looking up, when a man can have an amanuensis," said the father. "It is not every farmer that can afford it."

"Nor every farmer's daughter that is capable of making one," said the mother, with a little pardonable maternal pride.

"Nor every one that would be willing, if she were able," said Mr. Wilber—which last was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other ways, who never think of lightening a care or labor! If asked to perform some little service, it is done at best with a reluctant step and an unwilling air, which rob it of all sunshine or claim to gratitude.

Girls, help your father; give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great an influence on their parents as parents do on their children.

SARATOGA.

Here is a dose for our Saratoga and Congress-water lovers. Of course the author of the following is a "prejudiced Englishman," who cannot appreciate "American institutions," but we think he has done the present subject justice. These waters are certainly disagreeable enough to be highly medicinal, but to be enjoyed, require, like the opera and rare old paintings, a very cultivated taste. George Augustus Sala, in the *London Telegraph*, discourses thus of "The Springs":—

"I took a glass. What was it like? Well, let me see. Say half a pint of very small beer, brewed during a thunderstorm at Brestford, and retained for an unusual period in a chandler's shop in Seven-dials, where the trade wasn't brisk, and the red herrings and the pitchy fire blazers were kept on the top of the cask; then diluted with the water in which cabbages had been boiled, and the drippings of the gingham umbrella bought second-hand in Vinegar-yard, on a very wet November day; then sent to sea, and allowed to run freely down the lee scuppers; then carefully collected in a hog tub, racked through a cask of turpentine (that came over in a ship otherwise laden with guano and Monte Videan hides, with the horns and hoots on), mingled with the refuse of a dye-works, filtered through a gaspipe, to make it sweet and clean, just freshened up—to give it a head—with assafetida and jalap, and well stirred up with a brass candlestick, far gone in verdigris. This may give you an imperfect idea of what the water of my first and last spring in Saratoga was like.

IN THE OMNIBUS—A SKETCH.

A mighty woman with a bundle, a cross woman with a baby, an uncomfortable woman with a dog, an old gentleman with an ear-trumpet, a beaming young lady with an expansive crinoline, and the usual complement of nothing particular-people, including himself, John Hayes, gentleman at large. I would not have been inside if I could have helped it; nor in an omnibus at all, if I could have helped it; and, judging from the surrounding faces, we were all in the same plight. We were all hot, and we all hated one another. When a fellow creature is visibly radiating the caloric one already has in excess, hatred for him, or even her, follows in logical sequence, and we were waiting, absolutely waiting for more passengers.

"Are you going on, conductor?" said a mild gentleman near the door.

"Gent's of inquirin' turn o' mind," was the reply, addressed to the lamp-post. The meek man was quenched, but the mighty woman, pointing into the omnibus, said—"Look there, conductor!" and he peered in. Her tone was so solemnly expressive that we were all conscience-stricken. The uncomfortable woman covered her dog to the verge of suffocation, the old gentleman put up his ear-trumpet, as I have noticed deaf people generally do if there is anything to be seen; I, being conscious of an odor of half-burnt cigar about my waistcoat pocket, tried to look Eau-de-Cologne. The mighty woman repeated "Look there!" and the conductor's eyes, as in a mesmeric sleep, followed her finger up to the end and the roof of the omnibus. Then he read aloud—"In case of incivility" There he stopped, and grunted "Ugh!" But that conductor was conquered; how delighted we all were, and with what toadyism we looked at the mighty woman, who tried to seem unconscious, and at last failed ignominiously by breaking into a hearty laugh, and exclaiming, "That did him, I think; but it was almost a shame, poor fellow." We ceased to honor and began to love our champion after this.

"Please help me in, I'm blind!" It was the tiniest, sweetest voice; we all turned to see a little girl lay her hand confidently on the conductor's arm. I took her from him as fearfully as if she had been in very truth what she looked like—my parian Clytie—the same pure, sweet face, with the delicate features and drooping white eyelids; but the sadness of her pallor was relieved by the vivid dark gold of her hair, which fell in soft thick rolls into her neck.

"Isn't there a dog here?" she said, presently.

"Yes, darling," and the dog's owner, as she handed it to the child, looked uncomfortable no longer, the blind face turned to hers seemed to charm away its nervousness.

"What a dear little fellow!" said Clytie, and the rough terrier grew popular.

"Do they let you go far alone?" said the cross woman.

"Oh, yes." The little one gave a low, glad laugh of triumph. "I've been to the blind school; I can do everything for myself, now."

"Would you mind saying that again, my dear? I'm very deaf," said the old gentleman. She repeated her sentence, adding, with an odd-womanly pity—"It must be so sad to be deaf."

I said involuntarily, "You don't look as though you were ever sad."

"I? Oh no, I never am, now Emy is well."

"Who is Emy?"

"Why, my little sister; oh! such a little darling, but she was ill for a long time, so long."

Clytie's voice faltered, as though she were living over again a great sorrow.

"But she is well now!" I said.

"Oh, yes, quite strong, and it is so nice."

"Have you many sisters and brothers?" asked the young lady.

"No, only Emy, and one brother, baby Tom; he's such a great, fat fellow, and he laughs, you can't think how he laughs."

If it was anything like the musical rill his sister sent rippling through the air, I should like to have heard that baby.

"What does he laugh at?" said the cross woman.

"Oh, everything; at Emy and me, when we play Punch and Judy; and at dinner, when there's dummings; and sometimes he lays on the floor, and laughs at himself, and we laugh, too, it's so funny." The little one's mirth was infectious, we all joined in, with various modulations of the roar of the deaf gentleman, who couldn't stop himself, and set us off again, little Clytie, clapping her soft, gloved hands till she made the dog bark, and the conductor looked in to say—

"Well, if ever I see such a row!"

"Euston-road, please," said Clytie, turning into a business woman all at once.

The unwelcome place seemed to come directly; as I turned from helping the child out, I saw the cross woman's face breaking up into tears.

"It's queer," she said, "but I feel like to cry to see her so merry."

I was unpleasantly conscious of what my dear dead mother used to call the apple in my throat, so I was grateful to the deaf gentleman for saying "Eh!" and saving the effort of replying. We all fell into quietness, but it was curious to notice how forbearing we grew to one another; the child's great loss, worn like a flower-crown on the head of some pictured saint, made our petty discomforts all melt away. The young lady began to play with the baby, the old gentleman with the dog, and I, who object to all gratuities on the principle of never having any money to spare, was absolutely pleased when the mighty woman handed back her change to her vanquished foe, saying—

"Never mind the penny, conductor."

Even the cross woman grew quite interesting over a reminiscence of a youth she had known when she was a girl, who had recovered his sight after being blind for a year.

I think, if instead of being a plucked civil service

candidate, I could be a woman with a mission, I would choose that of my unconscious little Clytie.

REAL AND IDEAL.*

This is the name of a stray waif of a book which has come to us "unheralded—a pilgrim and a stranger," bearing on the title page the name of John W. Montclair. In the prologue, the author, evidently aware of the imperfections of his muse, asks us not to notice the defects of rhyme, but to note the thought contained—

"To seek with fertilizing sympathy
And warmth, the germs of promise to unfold,
Much that at first seems dross-like in the ore,
May be refined to bars of mental gold."

Following the direction of our author then, and overlooking many crudities in style, we have discovered some rich "germs of poesy" in this little volume. The following, telling the sad story of a wasted life with rare fidelity and sweetness, is called

THE RECKONER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF VOGL.

A plodding reckoner, with thought intent,
Mindful of gains, o'er his cyphers bent.

Ever his hand the inkstand sought;
He solved in figures the knottiest thought.

Thus toiling and reckoning day by day,
Already his hair was changing to gray.

And silently whispered the man-of-bone:
"Thy balance-sheet, brother, must soon be shown."

Then went the reckoner to view the fields,
And feast on the bounties that nature yields.

Flowers were blooming, fragrant and bright:
But the cyphers, confusing, dimmed his sight.

Birds were piping their careless trill:
But loudly echoed the scratching quill.

Clouds were decked with golden rays:
He saw only visions of inky ways.

'Twas then he cast a penitent look
At desk, and counter, and manuscript book.

Oh mournful the day when he penned each page,
And reckoned glad youth into desolate age!

We have often thought how hollow and false, how aversive to all serious, sober realities which belong to every man's life, must be the profession of the comedian. To wear the frivolous mask at times when the heart is breaking beneath; to excite the laughter of the crowd, which, were the truth exposed, would give tears and sighs instead; to call forth cheers to which the poor soul responds with groans, the thought of such a contrast has marred for many a brilliant scene, many a play of mirth-exciting wit and repartee. It is said that one of the most celebrated comic actors of this city was forced to meet an engagement, to act a farce upon the stage, while an

* The Real and Ideal. By John W. Montclair. Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt. London: Trubner & Company.

only daughter was lying upon her death-bed. Necessity compelled him to act, to procure delicacies for the invalid, and support for his family. How strangely at variance must have been the light words of the mouth, and the dull heart-throbs in that hour.

Especially sad is the sight of an old man forced to earn a living in this heartless vocation. But the poet has told this story more touchingly than we can. With tender pathos he thus describes the last hours of

THE OLD COMEDIAN.

Translated from the German of A. Grün.

The footlights blaze, the curtains rise,
And peering are a thousand eyes
Where tinsel jugglers strut apace;
With paint begrimed each truthless face.

Yon mountebank of snowy hair,
I well could draw his home despair;
Poor, worn out-crippled harlequin,
His efforts fail respect to win.

Whilst honored age, though lone and weak,
A tutorage with youth may seek,
This old, obedient, hired clown
Racks his stiff joints to please the town.

Old men, they court repose by night;
The aged arm forgets its might;
'Tis raised to guide or to caress—
'Tis folded prayerful, and to bless.

Those trembling hands hang by his side;
Those valiant lips his limbs deride;
And when to points the text may soar,
With loud guffaw the groundlings roar.

Though chronic pains may pinch his frame,
He must be Mornus, ever the same;
To those who see him night by night,
His tears would prove a rare delight.

But lo! how faint the actor speaks:
He falters, and an exit seeks.
"Old Thespian, hast forgot thy cue?
Thy walk's unsteady, thy text untrue!"

In vain the old comedian tries
To silence insult; murmurs rise;
Away he totters with alarm,
And falls within the prompter's arm.

On comedy the curtains rose;
On tragedy the players close.
The vulgar crowd, they whistle and cry
The actor's dying litany.

Behind the curtains, within a chair,
Buddy of cheek and brown of hair,
A corpse is resting; its brow is cold,
And on it a painted lie is told.

For the mien that made the idle laugh,
It looks a solemn epitaph;
False and hollow is all we see—
His life, his art, were mockery!

Never will rustle in nature's breeze
Those faded, painted, canvas trees;
And the oily moon that gleams o'erhead
Never learned to weep for the dead.

From a motley group, 'neath a tattered sky,
Comes one to speak this eulogy;
"He fought and fell as heroes yield,
Upon the drama's battle-field."

Then a dancing girl, as a beggarly muse,
Upon his brow with a shabby excuse,
Pressed a laurel wreath, that some Cæsar had worn,
A paper invention, dirty and torn.

His funeral procession numbered two;
Brief was the pageant, the costs were few,
And as they laid him away to rest,
I heard no pity, I heard no jest.

"JANET STRONG."

Our friends of the *Home Circle* will read with pleasure this finely worded tribute to the genius of Miss Townsend, which we find in a late number of the *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post*. It is a notice of her new book, "Janet Strong," just published by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"This story, from the pen of Miss Virginia F. Townsend, speaks to the heart with all the power of the accomplished writer. It has all her beauty of description, all her purity of diction, all the fervor of feeling which strikes down deep into the heart of her reader. In the poetry of language, Miss Townsend has few rivals in America. Her illustrations flow naturally as the bubble of woodland rills, with all their music and beauty. In Janet Strong, her most thrilling powers are set forth with a most happy result. We follow the lonely girl through her sorely-tried, struggling life with a breathless interest, blessing her for the innate strength and loveliness which enables her to cope successfully with evil, even when her own heart is her most dangerous enemy.

"Miss Townsend's stories have always a high, pure moral tone, which makes them beautiful. Her characters are simple and natural—never overdrawn; but her delineation of them, invests each individual with an interest which cannot flag, until she folds up the volume of the pictured life with her own hand. In little Janet Strong, servant and governess, we find the germ and full development of a most beautiful character—a character so beautiful that the name of woman has added to it a greater sanctity—a holier, higher meaning. No one will rise from the perusal of this story without a sensation of pleasure for having read it—a deepened sense of honor and affection for the fair author whose own pure soul is shadowed forth in its pages."

"THE SISTERS."

A correspondent writes:—"What a lovely picture you have given us in the June number of your magazine, 'The Sisters.' One year ago I had a sister—an only one. A helpless invalid, slowly but surely approaching the dark valley. Steadily she drooped until on the 12th of September, just ere the first faint flush in the chambers of the east proclaimed the approach of day, she went to sleep, and woke in heaven. Often I see her in my dreams. Can it be that when I sleep she comes and watches by my pillow? Oh! that I knew it were so. That though my mortal eye may never more behold her, still I might feel her spirit hovering nigh, and know she waited to guide my spirit in its flight to the bright world on high."

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

While the soft breath of opening summer floated through the woodlands, while the bursting roses wreathed the earth with beauty and filled the air with sweetest perfume, the gentle spirit of this sweet singer burst the bands which held it here and took its flight to Heaven. It seemed a season peculiarly fitting for such transition. Just at the hush preceding active summer life, when the toil of spring is over and the short season of calm expectancy arrives, when for a moment we sit down to wait the glad fruition of our labors.

She passed the springtime of her existence here in arduous toil and labor for her fellow-creatures. The summer-crown of her rejoicing she shall wear in Heaven. She planted good deeds, noble thoughts here; they shall blossom and ripen there. Her life was a springtime of earnest endeavor and constant effort for the benefit of the race, a season spent in planting seeds of thought oftentimes in most unpromising soil, rousing to action and to fruitful bearing the "sluggish clods" in the world about her, while her pathway was strewn with flowers of kindness and loving sympathy.

Her life was not all sunshine. There fell to her lot dark and stormy days of adversity, when from a home of luxuriance and ease she passed to comparative poverty. Yet her brave spirit never shrank from toil or hardship, and she passed through the tempest of affliction and trial, and emerged triumphantly at the last. But her season of work is over. She has gone hence now forever. Hers is the reward promised to the blest, an eternal summer of happiness and peace.

ENVY.

A glow-worm sat on the grass;
As I passed through the woods I found it;
Bright as a diamond it shone,
With a halo of light around it.
A toad came up from the fen;
It was ugly in every feature;
Like a thief it crept to the worm,
And spat on the shining creature.
"What have I done," said the grub,
"As I sat here in silence nightly?"
"Nothing," replied the toad,
"But why did you shine so brightly?"

BIRTHDAYS.

"Monday's bairn is fair in the face,
Tuesday's bairn is fu' o' grace,
Wednesday's bairn is fu' o' woe,
Thursday's bairn has far to go,
Friday's bairn is loving and giving,
Saturday's bairn works hard for its living,
But the bairn that is born on Sabbath-day
Is lucky and bonnie, and wise and gay!"

OLD SCOTCH RHYME.

GETTING OVER IT.

Strangely do some people talk of "getting over" a great sorrow; overleaping it, passing it by, thrusting it into oblivion. Not so. No one ever does that—at least, no nature which can be touched by the feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the ocean of affliction solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide, and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gulf narrows and narrows before our eyes, and we land safe on the opposite shore.

CHARADES, ENIGMAS, &c.

I.

On many a field of battle red,
For Stuart's hapless right,
My first his border slogan cries,
And leaps into the fight.
My second every patriot loves,
Where'er his breath is drawn,
And ours, God bless her, sees at last
The day of freedom dawn.
My whole her favorite bards have sung,
And romance flings her veil,
Where Wallace died to guard the crown,
The right of Annandale. M. B. E.

II.

My first a lawyer's term is seen;
My second on your tables stand;
My third, with plume and belt arrayed,
Make music through the land;
My whole, by Butler named of yore,
Your sympathies demand. M. B. E.

III.

I am composed of 19 letters. My 12, 2, 3, 7, is a number; my 16, 17, 4, is a small and much despised animal; my 8, 10, 7, 4, 5, the name of one of the parties of this war; my 16, 15, 14, is a color; my 12, 2, 2, 4, 13, a naval officer of the Union army; my 5, 2, 16, 17, 18, 6, an ancient Latin poet; my 12, 7, 19, a Union general of Kentucky; my 16, 10, 1, 6, 9, 16, 17, 8, 1, a distinguished Federal general; my 17, 11, 4, a small insect; my whole is what we have all heard of, and which is at present considered only as something of the past. T. M.

IV.

When snugly taking tea one day,
My first all suddenly gave way;
Our meal came quickly to my second,
A dire disaster it was reckoned;
My whole is told by many an ancient dame,
Of days long past, of beauty, arms, and fame.

V.

I am composed of 23 letters. My 17, 13, 16, 11, is an animal; my 20, 10, 2, 12, 5, 3, is a girl's name; my 1, 12, 7, 4, 18, 6, 3, 23, 9, is a title; my 16, 15, 8, 19, 3, 4, 21, 9, 15, is one of the most beautiful States in the Union; my 14, 13, 2, 12, 18, 7, is a boy's name; my 11, 15, 22, 17, what boys sometimes play; my whole is the name well known to the public, loved by all. MARY P. J.

TABLE-DISHES.

What dish may you always conclude to have been stolen, no matter on whose table you meet with it? Poached eggs.
If a man were in want of a situation, what fish would be most acceptable to him? A good plaice.
Which is the silliest dish you can put on the table? Gooseberry-fool.
Which is the merriest? Caper-sauce.
Which is the quickest? Hasty-pudding.
And which the coolest? Ice-cream.
And which may you suppose the cook to have prepared in a regular bad temper? Whipped-cream.
Which dish is named after one of the fathers of the human race? Ham.
And which after a country in Europe? Turkey.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, ETC., IN JULY NUMBER.—1. Napoleon Bonaparte. 2. Clothes-wringer. 3. Campbell. 4. Parrot gun.

TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

We are promised a great change in the matter of bonnets this fall. All the Parisian fashion-plates indicate that the old style, known as the "Empire," is to take the place of the three-cornered patch of "fuss and feathers," which has been dignified with the name of bonnet for the last few months. "One extreme follows another" always in the fashionable world. The new shape comes pretty well over the face, and sets up slightly at the back, with an effect not unlike the familiar starched crown of the old sun-bonnet. Of course this indicates a change in the manner of wearing the hair. The low-dressed *boys* (which have reached a ridiculous point, some of them hanging half-way down the back) are to be gradually discarded, and the hair thrown higher upon the head. The days of our grandmothers are rapidly returning in so far as the head-dressing is concerned. The high puffs on the crown may soon be looked for, and (we tremble as we

mention it) the old, stiff, high-backed comb. We were almost tempted to add another petition to the litany in view of the infliction, but if fashion wills we must submit. However, the edict has not yet gone forth, and we hope some chance may yet avert the threatened evil.

The *paletôt* is the favorite garment for out-door wear, made either closely or half-fitting, and very short. The former seems to be generally preferred. Very sensible sea-side and country hats are worn this season, having very little crown but very wide brims. They are much more useful, though not so becoming as the narrower brims.

Beautiful *organdie* lawns are to be purchased at the shops this year. Very elegant novelties in this material have been imported from Paris. The *Polonoise* is the favorite style of making heavier dresses—the waist and skirt cut together.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORICAL VIEW OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By George Washington Greene. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This is a rare book for information and entertainment. Here, compressed into a space of four hundred and fifty pages, we have a sketch of the American Revolution, the causes which led to it, the debates which preceded it, its heroes, its campaigns, its Congress, and its literature. Of course in such a work as this there is little room for detail, but in this series of lectures we get a clear, comprehensive, philosophical view of the events of the War of Independence, such as one would not gain in weeks of reading and research among the voluminous lives of the generals and statesmen of that time, or among the numerous histories of that remarkable period. We cannot commend too highly the clear, matter-of-fact, every-day manner in which the author deals with his subject. We are too apt to look upon the struggle of Independence in the abstract as a glorious whole, viewed in the light of its brilliant termination and important results. We are not often told how blindly our forefathers groped their way through the gloom, what pitfalls they found in the path, how human passion and folly again and again impeded the progress of the work, or how at last they, as it were, blundered into victory and independence. We think in our own times that men are influenced by blind interest and prejudice, and that there were never councils so discordant as those which guide the action of the present day. But it is sometimes useful for us to remember that we alone have not suffered thus—as our author most justly observes, "It seems an invidious and ungrateful task to tell how John Dickenson gave John Adams the cut direct in the streets of Philadelphia; how, one day, as several members were walking together in the lobby, Jay took Richard Henry Lee by the button, and drawing him towards Jefferson, made him declare he had never denied that Jay wrote the address to the people of England; how Samuel Adams turned short upon poor Duponceau, who had addressed him as

John Adams, and said, 'I would have you to know, sir, that there is a great difference between Samuel Adams and John Adams.' Such things are sad, very sad. But when I look upon the men of my own day, and hear and read what is said of their errors and weaknesses, I find it a gentle persuasive to charity to remember that weakness and greatness have so often dwelt side by side in the noblest intellects and truest hearts." The tributes to the genius of Franklin, the power of Washington, and the bravery of Steuben, Lafayette and Greene, are especially worthy of careful perusal. We commend the work to every thoughtful student.

LOVERS AND THINKERS. By Hewes Gordon. New York: Carleton & Co.

It has been a favorite plan for some years with many writers who wish to say a proxy thing or to convey a moral lesson, to wrap it up in something entertaining, disguising its real character as we do bad medicine in a sugar-coated pill. Somehow the invention never succeeds. We eat the sugar and throw away the paste, we read the book and skip the moral. The design must be very perfectly concealed to render the attempt successful. We must have swallowed it unconsciously ere we were aware of its character, or else poor human nature will rebel. The coating of sugar was quite insufficient in the present work, particularly since *lovers* were concerned. A love letter, consisting of a dozen pages of religious discussion, political economy, and slavery, would seem a very large pill for any ordinary young lady. We like sensible lovers but not proxy ones. The book contains very much good, practical thought, however.

CANADA; ITS DEFENCES, CONDITION AND RESOURCES. By William Howard Russell, Correspondent of the London Times. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

The book is beneath our notice except by way of an hour's amusement in observing how ridiculous wilful prejudice may render a man in his works. The in-

finite pains which this writer takes to present all the worst features of American character and policy, it is truly curious and interesting to notice. Like a diminutive cur dwarfed and spiteful he looks up from his low stand point at a great mastiff, and powerless to harm yet seeks in every possible manner to annoy. Mr. Russell visits Canada on the supposition that America will soon make war upon it, and with a view to learn whether it is worth a defence by the mother country. Canada is found to be the American Arcadia, superior in all respects, manners, men and means, to the benighted, barbarous nation whose borders form its southern boundary. Stand aside, Christopher Columbus! Yield the palm of wonderful discovery to the astute philosopher, and truthful historian, Dr. Russell.

THE ORPHEUS C. KERN PAPERS. Third Series. New York: *Carleton & Co.*

These inimitable letters have already had a wide circulation, and are familiar to the public. They are "replete with humor, exquisite in satire, laughable hits, and sagacious remarks, and will be found a perfect antidote to the blues."

A SMALLER HISTORY OF ROME. By William Smith, L.L.D. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

We have here a large amount of matter condensed into a small book in small type, illustrated with good cuts, and designed for the use of schools. It is uniform in size with the author's history of Greece, and is to be followed by a similar edition of the History of England. It is a very useful style for the accommodation of students, although the smallness of the type renders its perusal rather trying to the eyesight.

LOOKING AHEAD. By A. S. Roe. New York: *Carleton & Co.*

Roe always writes good books. We may safely put them in the hands of all our children. Their moral tone is excellent and healthful. The present work proves no exception to his usual style. We are promised a sequel which is to be shortly forthcoming.

WATSIDE BLOSSOMS. By M. H. C. Booth.

VOICES OF THE MORNING. By Bella Rush. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

Two little volumes of poetry containing many gems of song, and written in truthful, earnest spirit. Of the latter a cotemporary writes:—

"The delicate conceptions, the pleasing fancies, the musical rhythm of the poems will charm the most fastidious, and give the authoress a high rank among American poetesses."

TRAVELS IN CENTRAL ASIA. By Arminius Vambéry. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

This writer was sent by the Hungarian Academy of Pesth upon a tour of exploration through the interior parts of Asia, so little known to the civilized world, in order to discover the positive degree of affinity which existed between the Hungarian and the Turco-tartar dialects, apparently similar in their construction. In his journey the traveller made notes of the country, its inhabitants, and their institutions and customs, which are now in very attractive form presented to the public.

VENT POCKET LEXICON. By Jabes Jenkins. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

We keep this little work always near us. Omitting all words in common use whose meaning and orthography are familiar, it presents a full and complete list of those more rarely used, the exact definition of which

would often puzzle the casual reader. It is compact and convenient in form, and should be in the possession of every person. For practical reference its value is truly inestimable.

BABBITTONIAN SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP.

We have received from the publishers a set of the copies of this excellent system of penmanship. The design is to cultivate a graceful, easy running style, which is desirable both for legibility and for rapidity of execution. We are making rapid strides in these later days in the cultivation of the handwriting. The many advantages of this system will recommend it to general favor.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE. By O. W. Holmes. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

This charming work comes to us in the favorite blue and gold dress of Ticknor & Fields' popular series. Already widely and favorably known, these witty table-talks will be newly welcomed in their new and attractive form.

HOUSEHOLD POEMS. By Henry W. Longfellow. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

The beginning of a series of publications of the works of our poets in a form which shall bring them within the means of every person in our land. This little volume includes all the shorter poems from the pen of Longfellow, accompanied by exquisite illustrations, on good paper, in fair type, and is furnished to the public at the low price of fifty cents. "Songs for all Seasons," composing the most popular lyrics from the pen of Tennyson, is announced to follow the present volume.

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT. By Oliver Optic. Boston: *Lee & Shepard.*

Works from the pen of this writer are always welcome to the young people, and stories of the war possess an especial interest at the present time. The book is entertaining, truthful in its data, and in a degree instructive.

HYPODERMIC INJECTION IN DISEASES. By Antoine Ruppaner, M. D. Boston: *T. O. H. P. Burnham.*

This little work treats of that interesting subject, the introduction of medicine under the skin. The researches made thus far in this curious practice are very interesting, and a study into the practical use of the theory would no doubt prove beneficial to the student of medicine.

MANOAH; OR, PROMISE OF THE LIFE THAT NOW IS. Philadelphia: *Georg W. Childs.*

This is a religious dissertation, by the author of "The Formation of Christian Belief," and other works of the same character. He writes in a pure Christian spirit, and cannot fail to accomplish much good.

ST. PHILIPS. By the author of "Rutledge." New York: *Carleton & Co.*

Everybody decried Rutledge as "sensational" and "overdrawn," and yet everybody was eager to read it, and owned to a fascination in its pages such as does not often mark an American novel. "St. Philips," though different in style, will doubtless prove as popular as the former work. Its story, principally concerning the quiet events of a country rectory, is unflagging in its interest, and the delineations of character are, in most instances, capital.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE SIDE WHERE GOD IS.

A sailor, either English or American, once lay drunk in one of the principal streets of some Eastern city, and one of the chief men of the place, a fervent disciple of Mohammed, beholding this spectacle, searched about for his little son, and when he had found him, took him by the hand and led him to the spot where the sailor lay, and pointing to him, said to the child—"Behold, my son, what it is to be a Christian!"

This must have been an irresistible argument in favor of his father's creed to the child, and I think that many people who are not Mohammedans judge of right and truth from just such narrow and one-sided standpoints as did this devout believer in "Allah and his prophet." And I suppose that it never entered into the heart of this child to ask—"But father, are all Christians drunkards? Is this man who lies here one because of his creed, or in spite of it?"

It is altogether likely that Eastern child will go down to his grave believing that all men are what that sailor was, or something worse. And from such superficial and narrow standpoints, evil does seem often to have the advantage. Those three great stumbling-blocks, hypocrisy, cant, inconsistency, lie always in the path of those who look at great moral truths with doubtful and unbelieving eyes. They see the faults, the infirmities, the weaknesses of those who call themselves Christian men and women, and they say—"That's what you call religion, is it? Pretty poor stuff, at the best."

The struggle, the aspiration, the endeavor that lie beyond, are hidden from sight. We see moral relations and results in such an obscure, fragmentary, partial way in this life. And how many look at religion just as the old Turk and his boy did at the sailor. And yet, I think there has been in our own age and generation such a sublime, glorious assertion of the reality, and power, and strength of goodness and truth, as the world never saw before—full, rounded out, compete in relations and results, so that all men who will may behold and understand.

Just think of it! A little more than four years ago there went up from his quiet Western home to the highest place in this nation, a simple-hearted, honest-souled, kindly natured, transparent man, innocent as a little child in all art and guile. I suppose it would have been impossible for Abraham Lincoln to have told a lie or committed a mean, dishonest act. Trickery, subterfuge of any sort, were as utterly unknown to him as to an infant. There he went, and the eyes of all nations were turned upon him, this true, tender, transparent soul, in whose heart was no guile, in whose whole thought and purpose was only a desire to do justice and mercy, in the place to which God and the people had called him.

And at that time what vast forces, what powers and influences of evil were marshalling themselves all around this man! Just read "Horace Greeley's History of the Rebellion," and you will see what secession meant! It must have seemed to human vision certain to triumph. What a power and what a force it was! It had been working, and mining, and laying its trains on every side for a score and a half of years.

There was nothing of this world that the Rebellion did not possess. Vast resources of wealth, culture of the very highest and choicest sort, executive ability

of the very finest, all diplomatic arts, every disguise of sophistry, every grace and charm of eloquence to persuade and beguile men, every conceivable power of intrigue, every adaptation to circumstances, every comprehension of details, its leaders men of genius and iron wills; and in the midst of them all, and opposed to them, stands—it is such a solemn, pathetic sight that one can hardly help weeping to think of it—this one unsuspecting, true-hearted, gentle-souled man, who never to the day of his death, and notwithstanding all the awful experience he had had, seemed able to comprehend, enduring hard, resolute, fixed malignity.

On the side of the Rebellion was all these, and on the side of Abraham Lincoln was—God! "And the side where He is, is sure, sooner or later, to be in the majority." And I think that if any man, not taking into account the side where He was, had gone through the North at that period and heard what the people said, he would have had small hope for the country.

You know how many of the best of folks talked at that time—how they shuddered at the thought of civil war—how they could not see their way through the thick darkness, and thought of compromise and cessation, and of "letting alone." And if the best people talked in this way, what shall be said of the others?

But deeper than all this lay the patriotism, the self-sacrifice, the courage, the faith, at the nation's heart, and how it leaped out, astounding men and rejoicing angels, when the first cannon boomed out at the dear old flag which waved over the solitary fort, and we learned that there they had trailed her glory in the dust—there they had put her honor to shame—there, with jeer and laughter, and exultant shouts of a mighty people, they saw her fair stars beat down and dishonored.

And so the things invisible, the patriotism, the self-devotion, the fervid love of country, that, seeking a little before, no man would have found, rose up and triumphed over the things visible, over all the powers and forces, the activities, and machinations of evil.

And to-day Abraham Lincoln sleeps in his still grave among the Western grasses, and all the love and grief of his great people cannot do him sufficient honor, while he who represented the powers and forces of evil—Jefferson Davis—where is he?

One shudderingly wonders sometimes what that man's reflections must be, shut up there in that lonely, narrow casemate—so much better than those where our brothers starved, and rotted, and died, that we might have liberty. One wonders if those sixty-four thousand starved and tortured men do not sometimes seem to rise up from their graves and pass with their dumb skeleton reproachful faces before him, their murderer!

Ah, God may forgive you, Jefferson Davis, but, in one sense, man never can. Our brothers call to us from the graves where your cruelty laid them, and the dead stand in awful witness against you!

Dear reader, have you watched through the long pathway of this war the footsteps of God—growing brighter and brighter—how the very wrath and raging of man has wrought His deliverance for the oppressed, and how the side on which he was has gotten the victory?

AROUND OUR TABLES.

If there is one place above all others, where the courtesies and amenities of life ought to dominate—one place above all others, too, where the real grain and essence of character is certain to indicate itself, it is around our tables.

Refinement of heart and mind can alone elevate the act of eating above a mere animal propensity, and if there is anything sad, painful, disgusting, it is to see children gather around the table like so many cormorants.

Have you ever seen that greedy, selfish, animal expression that takes possession of the little faces—have you watched them eager, clamorous, omnivorous, as they licked and gobbled down their food, and have you looked on in silent wonder at the wife and mother before whose eyes these things went on, day by day, without reproof or suppression.

For—there is no getting aside of it—every mother is absolutely responsible for the behaviour of her children at the table, every mother can make of her boys and girls gentlemen and ladies at their meals, and any confusion and ill breeding there, is entirely her own fault.

And yet how many housekeepers regard the whole thing as a mere feeding process—so the family hunger is satisfied that is enough, and the company manners are kept as the best china and linen are, stowed away in the closet for state occasions. And so it is with the table appointments. The linen is ragged, the crockery is of various sorts, cracked, nicked, scarred, the handles broken, the edges burned, among people who affect gentility, who throw away money enough, in a thousand foolish and unnecessary ways, to supply their table with fresh, snowy, attractive appointments which are in themselves so graceful and appetizing a thing.

I know that servants are "death on china," and that all purses could not afford the most delicate porcelain for family use, but put calico a little oftener on your children, and expend the surplus you will thus attain in crockery. In these days pretty, substantial table ware is cheap, and if you will give it a little supervision yourself, it will do good service, and which is of the more importance to you, your children's cultivation in good manners and taste, or the carefully looked up "tea set" which is never brought out except on some occasional advent of guests.

One thing, however, is certain, if the state of your finances compel you to feed off pewter and brown earthenware, courtesy and good taste can preside at your board. Good manners cost nothing. They are equally the property of prince or peasant, and small courtesies, and cheerful talk, and kindly faces, can gather daily around your board, whether it is high or humble!

All irritating topics should be here tabooed; whatsoever jars and disturbs—especially should there be no scolding nor fault-finding around your family table. Let wit flash, and mirth sparkle, and good-nature charm your meals, thus elevating them from the gratification of a mere animal instinct into the region of intellectual and æsthetic enjoyment.

Whatever gifts of speech or manner you have, bring them a perpetual thank-offering to the table, around which your dear ones perpetually gather. Oh, mothers, when I think of the children whose weal or woe lies in your hands, when the horizon of your responsibilities seem to widen out daily in my thought, I long for the pen of an angel to speak what I feel.

Do you say that all this is an old story, doled out in sermon, and lecture, and book, until you have turned

sick of it? Ah, but the fact is new still; waiting at the door of your soul with every child who is born to you, and whose future shall rise up, your testimony for good or for evil. Walk softly, watch prayerfully, for many-sided are your duties, as the natures which God has given into your keeping.

How much you have to develop, how much to suppress, how much to guide and direct, and what a fearful thing is failure here; and what an awful lamentation is that which memory sometimes takes up as it wanders down into the border years of childhood. "If my mother had only been wiser—if she had only taught me, I might have been saved all this!"

Oh, mothers, with God's help may "wisdom and discretion" preserve you.

V. F. T.

THE UNION LEAGUE.

Among the great charities which have marked the liberality of this people during the fearful period of warfare just passed, a high place must be accorded to the Union League Association, of Philadelphia. Although partially of political origin, yet its chief work has been to support and sustain the strong arm of the government during the struggle of the nation with slavery, and this bond of sympathy has drawn to its membership men of all parties, patriots whose love of country and sense of her needs outweighed all considerations of former prejudice, men of noble hearts and generous souls, who have freely given their influence and treasure to bring the contest to successful issue. We have hardly time here to mention the work which this organization has achieved during the past four years, forming regiments for the field, and otherwise contributing substantial aid and influence in carrying forward the war. Their good deeds will outlive their memories, and when they rest from their labors, their works shall follow them.

"Come," said a friend, grasping our hand as we stepped from church on Fast day, where we had listened to a noble tribute to the memory of our martyr President, "Come and see another of the great records which this war has left on our land—the new club rooms of the Union League."

It seemed a fitting day for such a visit, a day sacred to the memory of the great dead, whose desponding heart had been so often comforted, and his weary arm sustained in cheerless days of gloom and doubt by the cordial sympathy and ready action of this patriotic association. We did not wait a second bidding. A few minutes' walk brought us to the handsome edifice, now just completed, which is an ornament to the city, and very justly a source of pride to those individuals for whose gratification it has been erected. It is a large double house of four stories in height, and is situated upon Broad street near Walnut. The outside is richly ornamented with brown-stone trimmings, a handsome porch protecting the front entrance, approached on either hand from the street by a flight of massive stone steps, with heavy balustrades. The work is rich and costly, though perfectly free from ostentatious display. Inside the same good taste is displayed in all the appointments of the building. The furniture is of heavy black walnut, carved in most elegant designs, soft velvet carpets cover the floors, rare bronzes and statuettes grace every niche and corner, fine paintings and engravings adorn the walls, from marble and canvas the familiar features of our statesmen and heroes greet us on every hand, and the picture of luxurious comfort is repeated at every turn in the large mirrors, stretching from floor to ceiling.

* Reading and lounging rooms are fitted up, with the same degree of taste. There is no gaudiness, no tinsel, no showy gilding. It is solid, substantial, sumptuous and complete. But the banqueting hall, par excellence, is the grand "triumph d'art" of the institution.

Here, as becomes the place, the embellishments are of more striking and brilliant character. The carpet is of light blue ground, besprinkled with stars. A rich border surrounds the room, the design being completed by a large eagle in each corner; the sideboards of black walnut are elaborately carved, handsome chandeliers overhang the festive board, the table-furniture is of the finest porcelain glassware and silver, all marked with the initials U. L., interwoven in a graceful pattern. The arrangements are perfect beyond criticism. We found a polite descendant of Ham (as was highly appropriate) the custodian of this chamber of revelry, who with much evident gratification, displayed the various treasures committed to his protecting care. The billiard rooms, the restaurant, and the culinary department, each perfect of its kind, did not come within our tour of inspection on this, our first visit to the Headquarters of the "League." Those who have enjoyed the benefit of these departments testify most cordially to their fitness for the purposes for which they are designed.

There are many cavillers at this, as at every other enterprise, who stigmatize the expenditure as wasteful and extravagant, its purpose as useless and selfish, crying out in the same spirit which animated those sordid minds of old—"Why was not this money given to the poor?" The free-hearted charity and former liberality of this organization is a sufficient reply to all doubts of its future generous action. Embracing within its numbers very many of the wealthiest of our citizens, it will have means sufficient for this gratification of personal comfort and æsthetic taste, as well as for great projects of benevolence, while as a rallying point for the patriotic and Union-loving citizens, and as a place of entertainment for those whom as a nation "we delight to honor," the fact of its usefulness will soon be placed beyond a doubt. B.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the Philadelphia Home Weekly, Mr. George W. Childs, has made the liberal offer of FIFTY HUNDRED DOLLARS, to be distributed in prizes for five American stories, as follows:—

\$1,000 for the Story decided to be the Best.

\$300 for that decided to be Second Best.

\$100 for that decided to be Third Best.

\$50 each for the two decided next in order of merit.

The merits of the several contributions offered in competition for the premiums are to be decided by a Committee of gentlemen of acknowledged literary taste and judgment, whose names will be made public with their award of the premiums. The writers of the stories are requested to withhold any indorsement of their names on any part of their MSS., to go before the Committee, and simply address their communications, under seal, to "Committee of Decision, care of the publisher of The Home Weekly, Philadelphia," accompanying the same with a note to the publisher, enclosing the title of the story, and the name and residence of the writer.

The only restriction imposed in the propositions herein made, is that the scene of each story shall be American. The subject, the manner of treatment, and the length, are all left to the judgment, taste and discretion of the several writers.

In case sufficient merit, in the opinion of the Committee of Decision, is not discovered in all the productions offered in competition to warrant an award as proposed, all the stories will be subject to recall by their respective authors. But if the award is made, all the premiums will be cashed at once, and the stories unsuccessfully competing will be taken by the publisher at a fair valuation, or will be subject to the orders of the respective writers.

All the stories must be in the hands of the Committee by the first of October, 1865.

"THE NOTE AND THE NOSEGAY."

This little design, embodying a sweet sentiment, is a copy of one of the pictures recently on exhibition at the Royal Academy, London, and was executed by the well-known English artist, W. F. Jeams. The painting tells its own story more perfectly than words could do it. It is a rare little gem of art.

NEW MUSIC.

From the enterprising music publisher, Wm. Jennings Demorest, of New York, we have received the new and popular songs—"Love on the Brain," "Kiss me while I'm Sleeping," "Petroleum," "Whip-poor-will's Song," "The Nation in Tears," and "Everybody's Love Song."

From W. N. Whitney, Toledo, we have also, "The Frolic of the Frogs" (instrumental), "In the South the Clouds are Breaking," and "Happy Dream of Childhood's Home."

These songs, as their titles would indicate, are of varied character, comprising both the sentimental and the comic, and are, many of them, possessed of considerable merit. There is, however, a large amount of characterless composition, both in the music and words, now afloat in the country, which should receive the censure and disapprobation of all true lovers of music. Their tendency is to degrade the popular taste, which is, perhaps, more easily influenced for good or evil by the power of music than in any other way.

THE HOME MAGAZINE.

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A beautiful PREMIUM PLATE, entitled "THE INFANCY OF SHAKESPEARE," will be mailed to each person who sends us a club of subscribers. It will also be mailed to each single subscriber from whom we receive \$2.50.

We do not require all the subscribers in a club to be at the same post-office.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.

Additions to clubs can always be made at the club rates.

A Suggestion.—Each member of a club is at liberty to take the subscriptions of friends who may desire the Home Magazine, at the club rate. The money can be handed to the person who made up the club, or mailed directly to us.

If each subscriber would act on this suggestion, and almost every one has opportunity to do so in meeting with friends and neighbors, our circulation might be largely increased. Think of it, friends of the Home Magazine! and serve us when you have opportunity.